THE OUTDOOR STORY NUMBER

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DRAWN BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Beginning The Call of the Wild—By Jack London

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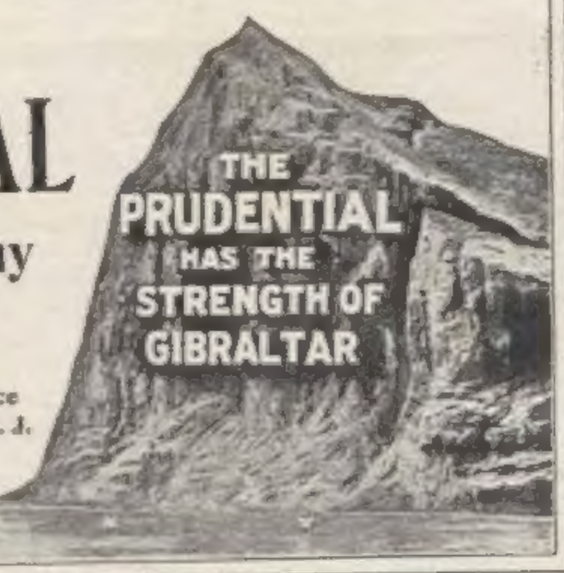

WHISPERS as soft as the breath of the rose
Fall on the ear of this dreamy-eyed maiden;
What is he telling her? Dare one suppose
He offers his heart in the heart of the rose—
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THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON

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"Old longings nomadic leap,
Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
Wakens the ferine strain."

I—Into the Primitive

BUCK did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself but for every tidewater dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley; Judge Miller's place, it was called. It stood back from the road, half-hidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the great cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by graveled driveways which wound about through wide-spreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants' cottages, an endless and orderly array of outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoons. And over this great demesne Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless—strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel-dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was King, king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bade fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large—he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds—for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was even a trifle egotistical, just as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a mere pampered house-dog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and like the cold-tubbing races, the love of water had been to him a tonic and a health-preserver.

And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike Rush sprang up and dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness: faith in a system, and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, whereas the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver 'm," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, an' you'll choke 'm plentee," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted performance, but he had learned to trust in men he knew and to give them credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands he growled menacingly. He merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him half-way, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive, whistling a crossing, told him where he was. He had traveled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnaped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

"Yep; has fits," the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. "I'm takin' 'm up for the boss to 'Frisco. A crack dog-doctor there thinks he can cure 'em."

Concerning that night's ride the man spoke most eloquently for himself in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco water front.

"All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled. "An' I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash."

His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser-leg was ripped from knee to ankle.

"How much did the other mug get?" the saloonkeeper demanded.

"A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a sou less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloonkeeper calculated; "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarehead."

The kidnaper undid the bloody wrappings and looked at his lacerated hand. "If I don't get the hydrophoby——"

"It'll be because you was born to hang," laughed the saloonkeeper. "Here, lend me a hand before you pull your freight," he added.

Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed and he was flung into a cagelike crate. There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed-door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloonkeeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

But the saloonkeeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot; and finally he was deposited in an express car.

For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives. And for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew, but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waxed. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever-pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill-treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off he would show them. They should never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment he accumulated a fund of wrath that boded ill for whomever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned bloodshot; he became metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him; while the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.

Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

"You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

"Sure," the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate.

There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

FRANÇOIS

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.

"Now, you red-eyed devil," he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand.

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, and a mad glitter in his bloodshot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In midair, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side; he had never been struck by a club in his life and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream, he was on his feet and launched into the air again. And again the shock came and he was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he knew it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

Following upon a particularly fierce blow he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rush. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

"He's no slouch at dog-breakin', that's wot I say," one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically.

"'Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays," was the reply of the driver as he climbed on to the wagon and started the horses.

Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.

"'Answers to the name of Buck,'" the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloonkeeper's letter, which had announced the consignment of the crate and contents. "Well, Buck, my boy," he went on in a genial voice, "we've had our little ruction, and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all'll go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog and I'll whale the stuffin' outer yer. Understand?"

As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and though Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at the touch he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand.

He was beaten (he knew that); but he was not broken. He saw, once for all, that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction half-way. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect; and though he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely and some raging and roaring as he had come; and one and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red sweater. Again and again, as he looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home

PERRAULT

to Buck: a man with a club was a lawgiver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man and wagged their tails and licked his hand. Also, he saw one dog that would neither be conciliated nor obey finally killed in the struggle for mastery.

Now and again men came, strangers, who talked excitedly, wheedlingly, and in all kinds of fashions to the man in the red sweater. And at such times that money passed between them the strangers took one or more of the dogs away with them. Buck wondered where they went, for they never came back; but the fear of the future was strong upon him, and he was glad, each time, when he was not selected.

Yet his time came, in the end, in the form of a little weazened man who spat broken English and many strange and uncouth exclamations which Buck could not understand.

"Sacrédam!" he cried, when his eyes lit upon Buck. "Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How moch?"

"Three hundred, and a present at that," was the prompt reply of the man in the red sweater. "And seein' it's government money, you ain't got no kick coming, eh, Perrault?"

Perrault grinned. Considering that the price of dogs had been boomed skyward by the unwonted demand, it was not an unfair sum for so fine an animal. The Canadian Government would be no loser, nor would its dispatches travel the slower.

Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew that he was one in a thousand—— "One in ten t'ousand," he commented mentally.

Buck saw money pass between them, and was not surprised when Curly, a good-natured Newfoundland, and he were led away by the little weazened man. That was the last he saw of the man in the red sweater, and as Curly and he looked at receding Seattle from the deck of the Narwhal, it was the last he saw of the warm Southland. Curly and he were taken below by Perrault and turned over to a black-faced giant called François. Perrault was a French-Canadian, and swarthy; but François was a French-Canadian half-breed, and twice as swarthy. They were a new kind of men to Buck (of which he was destined to see many more), and though he developed no affection for them, he none the less grew honestly to respect them. He speedily learned that Perrault and François were fair men, calm and impartial in administering justice, and too wise in the way of dogs to be ever fooled by dogs.

In the 'tween decks of the Narwhal, Buck and Curly joined two other dogs. One of them was a big, snow-white fellow from Spitzbergen who had been brought away by a whaling captain, and who had later accompanied a Geological Survey into the Barrens. He was friendly, in a treacherous sort of way, smiling into one's face the while he meditated some underhand trick; as, for instance, when he stole from Buck's food at the first meal. As Buck sprang to punish him the lash of François' whip sang through the air, reaching the culprit first; and nothing remained to Buck but to recover the bone.

That was fair of François, he decided, and the half-breed began his rise in Buck's estimation.

The other dog made no advances nor received any; also, he did not attempt to steal from the newcomers. He was a gloomy, morose fellow, and he showed Curly plainly that all he desired was to be left alone, and further, that there would be trouble if he were not left alone. Dave, he was called, and he ate and slept or yawned between times, and took interest in nothing, not even when the Narwhal crossed Queen Charlotte Sound and rolled and pitched and bucked like a thing possessed. When Buck and Curly grew excited, half wild with fear, he raised his head as though annoyed, favored them with an incurious glance, yawned, and went to sleep again.

Day and night the ship throbbed to the tireless pulse of the propeller, and though one day was very like another it was apparent to Buck that the weather was steadily growing colder. At last, one morning the propeller was quiet and the Narwhal was pervaded with an atmosphere of excitement. He felt it, as did the other dogs, and knew that a change was at hand. François leashed them and brought them on deck. At the first step upon the cold surface Buck's feet sank into a white mushy something very like mud. He sprang back with a snort. More of this white stuff was falling through the air. He shook himself, but more of it fell upon him. He sniffed it curiously, then licked some up on his tongue. It bit like fire, and the next instant was gone. This puzzled him. He tried it again with the same result. The onlookers laughed uproariously, and he felt ashamed, he knew not why. It was his first snow.

II—The Law of Club and Fang

BUCK'S first day on the Dyea beach was like a nightmare. Every hour was filled with shock and surprise. He had been suddenly jerked from the heart of civilization and flung into the heart of things primordial. No lazy, sun-kissed life was this, with nothing to do but loaf and be bored. Here was neither peace, nor rest, nor a moment's safety. All was confusion and action, and every moment life and limb were in peril. There was imperative need to be constantly alert, for these dogs and men were not town dogs and men. They were savages, all of them, who knew no law but the law of club and fang.

He had never seen dogs fight as these wolfish creatures fought, and his first experience taught him an unforgetable lesson. It is true, it was a vicarious experience, else he would not have lived to profit by it. Curly was the victim. They were camped near the log store, where she in her friendly way made advances to a husky-dog the size of a full-grown wolf, though not half so large as she. There was no warning, only a leap in like a flash, a metallic clip of teeth, a leap out equally swift, and Curly's face was ripped open from eye to jaw.

It was the wolf manner of fighting, to strike and leap away; but there was more to it than this. Thirty or forty huskies ran to the spot and surrounded the combatants in an intent and silent circle. Buck did not comprehend that silent intentness, nor the eager way with which they were licking their chops. Curly rushed her antagonist, who struck again and leaped aside. He met her next rush with his chest, in a peculiar fashion that tumbled her off her feet. She never regained them. This was for what the onlooking huskies had waited. They closed in upon her, snarling and yelping, and she was buried beneath the bristling mass of bodies.

So sudden was it and so unexpected that Buck was taken aback. He saw Spitz run out his scarlet tongue in a way he had of laughing; and he saw François, swinging an ax, spring into the mess of dogs. Three men with clubs were helping him to scatter them. It did not take long. Two minutes from the time Curly went down the last of her assailants were clubbed off. But she lay there limp and lifeless in the bloody, trampled snow, almost torn to pieces, the swarthy half-breed standing over her and cursing horribly. The scene often came back to Buck to trouble him in his sleep. So that was the way. No fair play. Once down, that was the end of you. Well, he would see to it that he never went down. Spitz ran out his tongue and laughed again, and from that moment Buck hated him with a bitter and deathless hatred.

Before he had recovered from the shock caused by the tragic passing of Curly he received another shock. François fastened on him an arrangement of straps and buckles. It was a harness, such as he had seen the grooms put on the horses at home. And as he had seen horses work, so he was set to work, hauling François on a sled to the forest that fringed the valley, and returning with a load of firewood. Though his dignity was sorely hurt by thus being made a draft animal, he was too wise to rebel. He buckled down with a will and did his best, though it was all new and strange. François was stern, demanding instant obedience, and by virtue of his whip receiving instant obedience; while Dave, who was an experienced wheeler, nipped Buck's hindquarters whenever he was in error. Spitz was the leader, likewise experienced, and though he could not always get at Buck, he growled sharp reproof now and again, or cunningly threw his weight in the traces to jerk Buck into the way he should go. Buck learned easily, and under the combined tuition of his two mates and François made remarkable progress. Ere they returned to camp he knew enough to stop at "ho!" to go ahead at "mush!" to swing wide on the bends, and to keep clear of the wheeler when the loaded sled shot down-hill at their heels.

"T'ree vair' good dogs," François told Perrault. "Dat Buck, heem pool lak h—l. I tich heem queek as anyt'ing."

By afternoon, Perrault, who was in a hurry to be on the trail with his dispatches, returned with two more dogs. "Billee" and "Jo," he called them, two brothers, and true huskies both. Sons of the one mother though they were, they were as different as day and night. Billee's one fault was his excessive good nature, whereas Jo was the very opposite, sour and introspective, with a perpetual snarl and a malignant eye. Buck received them in comradely fashion; Dave ignored them; while Spitz proceeded to thrash first one and then the other. Billee wagged his tail appeasingly, turned to run when he saw that appeasement was of no avail, and cried (still appeasingly) when Spitz's sharp teeth scored his flank. But no matter how Spitz circled, Jo whirled around on his heels to face him, mane bristling, ears laid back, lips writhing and snarling, jaws clipping together as fast as he could snap, and eyes diabolically gleaming—the incarnation of belligerent fear. So terrible was his appearance that Spitz was forced to forego disciplining him; but to cover his own discomfiture he turned upon the inoffensive and wailing Billee and drove him to the confines of the camp.

By evening Perrault secured another dog, an old husky, long and lean and gaunt, with a battle-scarred face and a single eye which flashed a warning of prowess that commanded respect. He was called Sol-leks, which means the Angry One. Like Dave, he asked nothing, gave nothing, expected nothing, and when he marched slowly and deliberately into their midst even Spitz left him alone. He had one peculiarity which Buck was unlucky enough to discover. He did not like to be approached on his blind side. Of this offense Buck was unwittingly guilty, and the first knowledge he had of his indiscretion was when Sol-leks whirled upon him and slashed his shoulder to the bone for three inches up and down. Forever after Buck avoided his blind side, and to the last of their comradeship had no more trouble. His only apparent ambition, like Dave's, was to be left alone; though, as Buck was afterward to learn, each of them possessed one other and far more vital ambition.

That night Buck faced the great problem of sleeping. The tent, illumined by a candle, glowed warmly in the midst of the white plain; and when he, as a matter of course, entered it, both Perrault and François bombarded him with curses and cooking utensils, till he recovered from his consternation and fled ignominiously into the outer cold. A chill wind was blowing that nipped him sharply and bit with especial venom into his wounded shoulder. He lay down on the snow and attempted to sleep, but the frost soon drove him shivering to his feet. Miserable and disconsolate, he wandered about among the many tents, only to find that one place was as cold as another. Here and there savage dogs rushed upon him, but he bristled his neck-hair and snarled (for he was learning fast) and they let him go his way unmolested.

STRAIGHT AT THE MAN HE LAUNCHED

Finally an idea came to him. He would return and see how his own team-mates were making out. To his astonishment they had disappeared. Again he wandered about through the great camp, looking for them, and again he returned. Were they in the tent? No, that could not be, else he would not have been driven out. Then where could they possibly be? With drooping tail and shivering body, very forlorn indeed, he aimlessly circled the tent. Suddenly the snow gave way beneath his forelegs and he sank down. Something wriggled under his feet. He sprang back, bristling and snarling, fearful of the unseen and unknown. But a friendly little yelp reassured him, and he went back to investigate. A whiff of warm air ascended to his nostrils, and there, curled up under the snow in a snug ball, lay Billee. He whined placatingly, squirmed and wriggled to show his good will and intentions, and even ventured, as a bribe for peace, to lick Buck's face with his warm, wet tongue.

Another lesson. So that was the way they did it, eh? Buck confidently selected a spot, and with much fuss and waste effort proceeded to dig a hole for himself. In a trice the heat from his body filled the confined space and he was asleep. The day had been long and arduous, and he slept soundly and comfortably, though he growled and barked and wrestled with bad dreams.

Nor did he open his eyes till roused by the noises of the waking camp. At first he did not know where he was. It had snowed during the night and he was completely buried. The snow-walls pressed him on every side, and a great surge of fear swept through him—the fear of the wild thing for the trap, a token that he was harking back through his own life to the lives of his forebears; for he was a civilized dog, an unduly civilized dog, and of his own experience knew no trap and so could not of himself fear it. The muscles of his whole body contracted spasmodically and instinctively, the hair on his neck and shoulders stood on end, and with a ferocious snarl he bounded straight up into the blinding day, the snow flying about him in a flashing cloud. Ere he landed on his feet he saw the white camp spread out before him and knew where he was, and remembered all that had passed from the time he went for a stroll with Manuel to the hole he had dug for himself the night before.

A shout from François hailed his appearance. "Wot I say?" the dog-driver cried to Perrault. "Dat Buck for sure learn queek as anyt'ing."

Perrault nodded gravely. As courier for the Canadian Government, bearing important dispatches, he was anxious to secure the best dogs, and he was particularly gladdened by the possession of Buck.

Three more huskies were added to the team inside of an hour, making a total of nine, and before another quarter of an hour had passed they were in harness and swinging up the trail toward the Dyea Cañon. Buck was glad to be gone, and though the work was hard he found he did not particularly despise it. He was surprised at the eagerness which animated the whole team and which was communicated to him; but still more surprising was the change wrought in Dave and Sol-leks. They were new dogs, utterly transformed by the harness. All passiveness and unconcern had dropped from them. They were alert and active, anxious that the work should go well, and fiercely irritable with whatever, by delay or confusion, retarded that work. The toil of the traces seemed the supreme expression of their being, and all that they lived for and the only thing in which they took delight.

Dave was wheeler or sled dog, pulling in front of him was Buck, then came Sol-leks; the rest of the team was strung out ahead, single file, to the leader, which position was filled by Spitz.

Buck had been purposely placed between Dave and Sol-leks so that he might receive instruction. Apt scholar that he was, they were equally apt teachers, never allowing him to linger long in error and enforcing their teaching with their sharp teeth. Dave was fair, and very wise. He never nipped Buck without cause, and he never failed to nip him when he stood in need of it. As François' whip backed him up, Buck found it to be cheaper to mend his ways than to retaliate. Once, during a brief halt, when he got tangled in the traces and delayed the start, both Dave and Sol-leks flew at him and administered a sound trouncing. The resulting tangle was even worse, but Buck took good care to keep the traces clear thereafter. And ere the day was done, so well had he mastered his work his mates about ceased nagging him.

(Continued on Page 30)

The People at Atlantic City

ATLANTIC CITY has long since ceased to be a "Jersey summer place." And it is more than a mere all-the-year-round seaside resort. It has now become a sort of national institution, as Brighton is to England, visited by all sorts of people from all parts of our country and by the more thoroughgoing tourists from other countries—one of the American sights.

But the perennial popularity of this flat, commonplace strip of sandbar cannot be explained by the salubrious climate, the surf-bathing or any natural attraction. The thing which draws the crowds of people in winter and the hordes of humanity in summer to Atlantic City, and supplies most of their fun after they get there, is the great, ugly, flimsy-looking platform edging the beach for nearly four miles, with innumerable hotels, bazars and blaring side-shows on one hand and the Atlantic Ocean on the other.

The advertising and rhapsodizing "write-ups" always take pains to explain that the Gulf Stream considerately swerves in closer to shore off Atlantic City than at any other point north of South Carolina. Very likely it does, but a few degrees difference in temperature would not account for the number of hotels that turned away people during the month of March last, most of whom were not there for their health. On the other hand, as a summer resort the beach is not the best along the coast for bathing, though a good one; and the heat and the mosquitoes and the glare of the flat sandiness are about as bad as at most of the Atlantic coast resorts below New England. As for natural beauty there is none, except the same charm of the surf and sea which this spot shares with a thousand others.

Nor is it discriminating to sum the matter up, cynically, as "a mere product of advertising." You can't fool all the people all the time. You must have a good thing in order to push it along to a great success like this. A great many of the people induced to come to Atlantic must like it, because see how they come back, bringing others, an hundredfold. Presumably their motive is not to find bargains in Satsuma vases at Japanese auction bazars which have to make money enough in a few months to pay an enormous rent; nor would many people come so far away from home in order to see plays at a theatre built out upon a pier in the ocean, or to hear Italian bands, or to attend polite and impolite vaudeville.

The reason the people like Atlantic City is because, with or without the attractions of other places, it has this great central promenade, which is not merely a main route to and from everything of interest and importance, but is itself the most important source of interest. And the simple reason it proves so entertaining to so many people is because (though there are many who affect to be more charmed nowadays by the "characteristic poses of the owlet" and the manners and customs of the dear little bunny than by that diverting form of animal life called man) the good old human fact remains that to most unaffected human beings, whatever their station in life, there are few things quite so interesting as other humans—except possibly themselves. This huge platform is a stage for displaying the characteristic poses of the one and observing the manners and customs of the other. All the audience are actors, and all the actors—with an occasional self-conscious exception—are the audience. The shrewd boomers of this resort who insisted upon spending a great many dollars upon the boardwalk wanted to call it a "plaisance," an "esplanade," or at least "a marine promenade"—it had cost such a dignified amount of money. But even though it was supported by a steel frame, the American crowd had too keen a sense of the ridiculous to call a stretch of raw planking, lined with bare electric-light poles, anything but a "boardwalk." But however the managers may have lacked in a sense of humor, they did not lack in business sense. They knew human nature and they knew their job. What draws the crowd to Atlantic City is the crowd, and the boardwalk is its medium. The ocean and the ozone on the right, like the manufactured attractions on the left, are but sideshows.

The Two Kinds of Atlantic City

THE two kinds of Atlantic City are as different as Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, or as summer and winter. In the glaring summer-time, with the excursion crowds from Philadelphia and cheap rates from all parts of the country, when the best parts of the beach are so crowded that those in the surf have to stand erect and the boardwalk all day long and half the night is jammed like the entrance to a race-course, Atlantic City suggests Coney Island. The roar of the surf is drowned out by the chatter and laughter of sweltering, pushing humanity. Bands are crashing, fakirs shouting, tired babies crying, merry-go-rounds whirling, shooting-galleries plinking. There are flashy youths leering and gaudy young women giggling. Honest fathers mopping their brows and smoking hot cigars, patient mothers yanking their offspring out of danger; the smell of candy, popcorn, bad tobacco and, worse, Eastern incense in the air; and above all the August sun beating down pitilessly upon the sturdy American crowd who are having a glorious time and do not want your pity.

In the winter season the crowd is more like that of a Florida resort. They walk faster, though, and the women wear their furs, which a crisp sea breeze blows about them picturesquely. Furs mingled with the scent of violets make the characteristic odor now of a very respectable Atlantic City. There aren't nearly so many people; there is plenty of open space also to smell the sea, which makes walkers out of strollers. Compared to the summer scene the stage is very quiet and the actors are not so spontaneous in their movements nor in their stage business. A great part of the people along the boardwalk are of the sort generically classified by the hotel managers as "fashionable folk." Every year there is a growing number of those who consider themselves worthy of this classification, especially that part of the crowd which comes from the direction of Chelsea, where many new and more or less good-looking cottages are being built. But even now there is a goodly sprinkling of the ingenuous Coney Island sort, or at the least, we will say, a Brighton Beach element. For surely the commoner clay cannot be expected to escape such common ailments as influenza and nervous breakdowns.

So, naturally, if you are interested only in your own segment of society you may be bothered by the crowds along the walk, for it contains all sorts. Seated in the characteristic wheel-chair, strolling aimlessly, or marching industriously as the nerve specialists told them they should do, are lawyers who want to get away from their work in order to see it in perspective, politicians who are here to meet other politicians and arrange things, members of saloon-keepers' associations, of library associations, of athletic committees; lovers, fiancés, brides and grooms, the heroine and villain of the current divorce sensation, here to escape reporters. Contented corpulent couples of middle age are here to become more corpulent and contented; real estate speculators and promoters, sailor-suited children and nursemaids—a variegated assemblage, and they all go up and down the boardwalk.

At the edge of the walk in front of a bazar is an aged East Indian with a turban on his head and the mystery of the Orient in his calm, inscrutable countenance. He is offering embroidery for sale, but I should like to know what he thinks about all this. Perhaps he is merely thinking about his dinner—very possibly, for the walk gives one an excellent appetite, which is one of the chief reasons for Atlantic City's reputation as a health resort.

These auction shops are the most interesting sideshows along the walk, and are splendid places to stop and rest; for the hard, level planking is very fatiguing. Within there are a score of visitors seated solemnly in chairs, arranged like a Bible-class. Before them stands a big man with a double chin and the unctuous auctioneer's earnestness of manner, hiding his contempt for human gullibility. In his fat palm he holds a delicate bit of cloisonné, rich with the witchery of Japanese handicraft. He bellows about it in his huge voice, calling it the "most unique" work of art on the boardwalk.

This is a china shop and he looks like a bull, standing there beside the small, delicately-moulded Jap who owns the shop and whose thin features almost tremble at the auctioneer's blatant ignorance. The Jap, it seems, cannot stand it any longer—even their merchants have temperament—for he takes the vase from the other's rough hand and begins to explain in charming broken English how it was made and why it is precious. His voice is thin and does not carry to the open door, but he handles the vase, which is really a good one, as if it were a butterfly. He speaks with affectionate appreciation. But the people are not so much interested in this technical dissertation. Already some of them are leaving. The big auctioneer sees this. He breaks in with vehemence. "The trouble with you people is that you don't know anything about art, that's what's the matter with you!" Some of them smile. "Reminds me of an old farmer down in my part of the country. One day he said to his son Tom: 'Tom,' says he——" Ah, the crowd lingers, listens, then laughs, and the bidding begins. After all, there are other arts than the ones the Jap understands, and the auctioneer is not such a bull in this china shop as he looks.

Out along the walk again. Here come some very nice people, two girls and their mother. The distinguished-looking matron is a semi-invalid, or thinks she is, having

What Takes Them There and Keeps Them There. A Story of Fortunes Built on Sand—By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

nothing else in particular to do, and her handsome daughters are so very good to her. They seem gently disdainful of everything else. We who think we love all mankind because they are mankind tell ourselves that this group is interesting because they are a variation from most of the people that we have been passing. They are indeed a marked variation. But perhaps, after all, we might as well acknowledge that civilization has produced nothing quite so interesting to look at as such products as these two tall girls with the elusive charm, which one does not try to catch in words, and which distracts the attention from all these ordinary persons who we had persuaded ourselves were also interesting. They have turned back to the hotel again—no, they have gone out to find a sunny nook on the steel pier where they will take turns reading to their mother, and where they can avoid the crowd—which includes us. The pier is an interesting place and has as many shaded nooks in summer as it has sunny corners in the winter season. One hot day in August two thousand persons played progressive euchre at once in the auditorium. The players did not know each other, but that did not seem to matter. The entrance fees were for some local charity and the prizes were probably vases from the boardwalk bazars. This is one way of enjoying yourself on a hot summer afternoon.

Here are two other young women. The crowd does not seem to bore them. They are shop girls from the city, off for a holiday. They are dressed in their new spring clothes and are having the time of their life. Look at their exaggerated hats, coiffures, figures and carriage. They are comely girls, and it is good to be admired as they know themselves to be to-day. There they go, their long skirts whisking in the brisk spring breeze, showing their very high French heels and an inch or two of ankle. "'Atlantic' is good enough for us," they seem to say.

Here is a young lawyer who walks with a deliberate stride and darts a keen glance out from under the big slouch hat he affects. The reason he looks so tragic is that he thinks he has had the greatest misfortune of any one along the boardwalk. Just when he was getting well started, when at last he had the political chance for which he had been working ever since he left college, along came the grip and put him out of the game. For the grip was followed by nerves, and now he is paying the piper for all the extra hours of work he used to boast about to the family at dinner. He must stay here for two months more, the physician says, and do nothing but eat and sleep and live out-of-doors. His mother visits him frequently to hold his hand and tell him what a fine fellow he is. His father writes him brief letters urging him to go abroad. And he thinks his career is blighted. However, being young, he appreciates the crowd and the color and the life about him more than he acknowledges. Sometimes he even takes notice of a pretty figure and forgets to scowl. He is not very pathetic.

The Floating Population of the Town

ATLANTIC CITY now has three or four hundred hotels and no one seems to know how many boarding-houses besides. Its summer population—"floating" population, as an English encyclopædia puts it—is said to be 200,000. What impresses one most of all on arriving, after the monotonous journey through the dreary waste of stunted pines and across the barren stretch of mosquito-breeding swamp, at this strip of island which was designed as a sand-bar, is the thought that Atlantic City might just as well have happened on almost any other sand-bar. At any rate, it might as well have landed upon some other part of this ten-mile stretch of beach. Longport, which is at the southern end of it, would seem in many ways to have been a better place; certainly it would have offered superior advantages for sailing and kindred sports, and presumably the Gulf Stream would have proved equally accessible. But it has made a great deal of difference to the men who have sold strips of this sand at $1000 a front foot unimproved. The man in the white hat with the yellow beard, who sells cream taffy from a little stand about the size of a flagman's box at a railway crossing, pays $600 a year rent for the space he occupies—$100 a front foot. He built the box himself.

Twenty-nine years ago a man came to Atlantic City and bought a small commercial hotel of the roadhouse pattern for $6200. This was in the village, not on the beach. On the day I arrived at Atlantic City, last March, he sold it for $300,000. Meanwhile he had made a fortune out of the business, and the only reason he sold the place was because he was so heavily interested in the local telephone, brewery, trolley and banking businesses that he hadn't any more time to spend on running hotels.

Across the street, by the way, from this hotel a small piece of property was sold five years ago for $37,000. The natives smiled and pronounced the purchaser weak-minded. He sold it the other day for $125,000. It cannot be stated what the natives think of this transaction, but more experienced real estate men pronounce it shrewd business.

Both of these deals were in the middle of the town near one of the railway stations. Along the boardwalk more astonishing things have been done. Not so many years ago one of the bronzed, bare-legged young men who are employed to sit on the sand and look out for people who go beyond their depth and strength in the water, announced to one of the other lifesavers that he was tired of yawning and waiting for something to happen. He said he thought he would go into business.

"What do you know about business?" asked the other.

"I am young; I can learn," he said.

He had saved a little money and borrowed some more. He set up a merry-go-round. It was of modest dimensions and the music was wheezy. The first year was not so successful. "But every summer there are more people," he argued. He invested in a larger outfit, with fiery red horses with long spreading tails, and he secured a loud, strident musical appliance which played Sousa's marches all day long without oiling. He also added a bootblacking chair and a candy stand. The crowds kept increasing annually. So did his facilities. To-day he owns a great pier with chutes that many shoot, a theatre, a music hall, a restaurant, and a deep-sea net which is hauled up twice a day and is one of the greatest attractions of all. "He makes a fortune every year," a man along the boardwalk proudly informed me, who had made a fortune or two of his own through real estate ventures at Atlantic City. The pier man's summer home may be seen out near the end of his pier, where mosquitoes cannot reach him—quite the most desirable situation in Atlantic City, I should think, though I was informed that he is the proud possessor of another house over in Chelsea where he can have room for his horses and his family's aspirations!

But much of the money made at Atlantic City has not been due to acuteness at all, but to mere luck and the shifting of the sands. The early maps show that in some places fifty years ago the shore line was twelve hundred feet farther out. If it had stayed there, property now worth ever so much would be remotely inland. This thing, however, works both ways. Some of the landed proprietors have had the peaceful pleasure of watching the sea build them a fortune by extending their domain toward Spain, while others have had the disquieting sensation of seeing their real estate taken away under their very eyes by the sea. In most cases this can be avoided by the building of jetties, for which the otherwise useless scrub pines on the mainland serve the purpose excellently.

How Atlantic was First Heard Of

ATTENTION was first called to Atlantic City as a watering-place, I believe, by the competition of two railroads. But it was not until years later that it was considered a dangerous rival to Cape May. When those interested in the booming of the place began to take the project seriously the first and the best thing they did was to invite all the prominent physicians they could get hold of to be their guests at Atlantic City for a brilliant visit which lasted several days. The same method has been applied with similar success elsewhere. All expenses were paid, they were entertained lavishly, made to see everything, to breathe the air deeply, to test the temperature, taste the water, inspect the milk, and finally to eat a banquet. Then they were asked what they thought of Atlantic City. By this time even those who were skeptical at first thought well of it.

"Then tell your patients what you honestly think," was the more or less naive reply, and most of these physicians have been sending people to Atlantic City ever since. But this was legitimate advertising and is nothing to wax cynical about. Very few of these physicians would have recommended the place if they had not believed in it. But how could they believe in it without seeing?

As a matter of fact and science, Atlantic City does prove beneficial to a great many different sorts of people from various parts of the country, suffering or recovering from divers complaints. It is not alone the climate that does it, let me add, who have no license to prescribe; the benefit received in a large measure due to watching and walking with the crowd along the boardwalk. And the great future which is being predicted for this unusual place will not be due to new inventions for amusements. The crowd will increase because of the crowds. For people are the best tonic, the best fun and the best advertisement a resort can get.

Personally Conducted

Being a Romance of True Love Without any Apology

By Arthur E. McFarlane

AT THE beginning everything had promised well. Mrs. Morris had always wanted to try a season with the "Steel City" people at the Fishing Club. And Portia, fresh from her year on the Continent, turned her eyes to the cool woods and waters of Quebec most gladly. And when they arrived at Pickerel Lake, and viewed the grass-green and bark-brown verandas, and the pepper-caster turrets of The Cedars—fourth cottage up the river from the club-house—they admitted at once that the Judge's enthusiasm seemed to have had the very best of foundations.

He repeated his belief that the Preserve would not disappoint them. Also, with an accompanying *ahem* which was casual, and a furtive stealthiness of eye which was not casual, he remarked that Percy Johnston happened to be staying at the club just then—Portia would remember Percy; they must frequently have mentioned him in their letters; a mighty straight, clean-cut sort, about as good a head as he knew among the juniors of the profession.

A few minutes later Mr. Johnston appeared in person and was duly presented. He was a nippy, wholesome-looking young fellow, with a close-clipped black mustache and a self-dependent blockiness of jaw which was balanced and relieved by a cheerful frivolousness about the eyes. If the spring-board of his somewhat acrobatically leaping mind appeared to have a good deal of "teeter" in it, it was safe to say that that was only because it was uncommonly well ballasted. And Portia would like him—it could not be doubted.

I say all that was well. The initial and grounded mistake—the stem-root of that prodigious banyan-tree of error which soon was to transform everything to tangled wilderness and jungle—was this: The Judge did not now betake himself up the river and join the old "stag" trio of the Little Pickerel, but announced that he would stay on for another week or two at The Cedars.

Mrs. Morris' most apprehensive suspicions were aroused immediately—and too promptly were they confirmed. Before the end of the first afternoon she heard the old gentleman telling the bronzy-cheeked Percy that he would look largely to *him* to see that his girl enjoyed herself. And Miss Portia, having slipped away with no little color, he furthermore confided to Mr. Johnston (who did not seem to be quite at his ease, himself, now) that Portia was a trifle prickly, as it were, at times—did herself harm—got herself misjudged by it, in fact; and in certain respects she had rather *got away* from him; but take her altogether, he was compelled to say she was a girl any father might be proud of.

Mrs. Morris felt the hot and cold waves of a whole year's weather records going through her. She resolved to talk to her infatuated yoke-fellow, and pointedly, at the first opportunity. And she did.

At first the Judge took very high ground. He was utterly at a loss to guess what her meaning was.

She made it unpleasantly plainer.

And then he swelled with indignation. "Really, my dear, *really!* This is rather extraordinary. You virtually ask me to change my manner toward the boy—because Portia happens to be here. After having taken to him immensely from the first hour I met him, I am to reverse myself to him, *note?*"

"You could at least be a little discreet."

"'Discreet!'" He spread his fat hands spurningly. "If there was ever a word over which was the trail of the serpent——"

"Well, merely tactful, then."

"Which means practically the same thing! Flatly, what you ask me to do is to dissemble. And I must say you show hardly your accustomed delicacy and good taste."

"Very well, Isaac," said Mrs. Morris, snapping off her thread—"if you choose not to take good advice——"

II

PERCY dropped in almost immediately after breakfast next morning. The Judge still comported himself somewhat stiffly toward him, but the young man was most happily and flippantly unaware of the cause of it.

"DON'T SPEAK TO ME"

"Judge seems rather sore, somehow, to-day," he observed in a loud, though confidential, aside to Mrs. Morris. "He probably told you he spent all yesterday afternoon rowing up and down in the sun off Alder Point. But he can prove he wasn't trolling—because he didn't catch anything. I may say, in passing, that *I* caught four."

He glanced at the old gentleman from under a covert eyelid. In spite of himself the Judge responded with a sheepish grin.

"Oh, he may grow up into a fisherman *yet*," added Percy comfortingly. "Is—is Miss Morris down yet?"

"She's just run back to her room for a moment. Were you going out together?"

"Oh, only up to the Mouth. The Judge said I ought to have the pleasure of showing her how to hook out the foxy pickerel."

The Judge stood there for a minute. Then, with the dignity which so distinguished him at such moments, he walked back into his study.

And when, upon the departure of the young people, Mrs. Morris promptly followed him thither, it may be thought that he would show some disturbance of temper. By no means. He put the trifling pickerel-fishing incident aside and lifted the whole matter to the lofty plane of ethical principle. It was an ancient game of his.

"Let us have no more beating about the bush, Elizabeth," he said Socratically. "Womanlike, you have neither been able to bring yourself nor allow me to face this thing squarely and openly. But the question is frankly this: Do we think it would be a good thing for Portia to *have* Percy?"

"Yes, we do! I know he's good and honest, and just what I could have wished a son of mine to be. But that isn't considering Portia's side of it. I remember very well how *I* looked at such matters when I was her age, and——"

"Precisely! Precisely! And do you candidly believe that Portia or any other green girl can have the wisdom and experience to recognize the right man for *herself?* I confess that it has seemed to me, of late, that Percy himself has not been acting with his usual intelligence. But we shall confine the case wholly to Portia."

"We-ell," said her mother, with something palpably short of that impetuous blindness which should mark the true maternal character, "for all her cleverness and good heart, at times I think the girl has not the best of sense in some ways. But nevertheless"—there was a baffled exasperation in her tone—"I know I'm in the right. And I think she ought to be allowed to have her own share of romance."

"Well, bless me!" sputtered the Judge—"'Romance?' What more romance could she want, up here in the very bosom of Nature, as they say."

"Tchck! *That* romance?"

"Then, will you tell me, woman, what in the world you consider *does* make for romance?"

"Well," said Mrs. Morris with scornful crispness, "if you can't feel what it is, I can't make you! I think, before long, you'll find out, though. And I'll say this: it isn't anything which can be improved by being pawed over by fathers who ought to know a great deal better!"

At which most unwifely and insulting language the Judge grasped his panama and fishing-rod and rushed apoplectically from the cottage. . . .

It might very well be supposed, too, that it would be some time before he again essayed the rôle of paternal strategist. And indeed he did not descend from a kind of gloomy and penumbrated Olympus until well on to the end of that week. He avoided Percy more and more, and there were even moments when he viewed his ever-doubling visits almost rankerously.

In the mean time, between the young people the "friendship of the first degree" was rapidly passing—by way of the philosophical stage—into the "friendship of the second." By the philosophical stage I mean that in those evenings they had already fallen into the discussion of the strange phenomena of the reciprocation of souls—of how, almost at the first word, certain spirits will seem to recognize each other as kindred, intimate, foreordained to union. Nor was there anything callowly personal, nor anything of the "affinity" fatuousness in that discussion. They had treated the subject in the most aloof and sublimated manner. But is any deprecation called for? Is it not well known that the greatest metaphysicians have wondered for years over this mystery—over the fact, I repeat, that two people will meet, and not only seem to have met in some other life, but have the common feeling that they comprehend each other wholly in the first half-hour? Mr. Johnston had early realized that he was a youth absolutely without sentimentality. But the recollection of that first conversation had kept him hypnotically glued to a riverside log long after the general camp, though not Miss Portia, was wrapped in heavy slumber.

For all that, neither of them could be blind to the peculiar behavior of the Judge. And indeed, even in that "philosophical stage" Miss Portia had thoughts regarding his conduct which, could he have guessed them, would have given him very sudden pause! . . .

As for Percy, he had privately believed, for some time, that there "was something the matter with the old gentleman's inside."

III

BUT gradually the Judge was once more warming to his old-time, genial effusiveness. That Friday morning Percy had dropped down from the clubhouse in time to be received over the coffee cups. The head of the table had promised to go for a loaf around the Lake with him in his "batwing"; but now he crawfished shamelessly out of it. "But, Portia there—she was pretending to have a headache—but he was sure—if he would let *her* 'trim boat' for him instead—*she* would be a good girl and take his place—he knew she would!"

At this suggestion Percy was plainly, almost impoliticly, delighted. But the young lady, while she accepted, let her eyes meet her mother's for a moment; and, although only a silence accompanied that look, it was an incident which again set the Judge's soul chafing with anger. When they were alone, too, Mrs. Morris could not—for possibly the seventeenth time that week—withhold the "words which might better have been left unsaid." . . . It was a heavy, sultry day, promising a thunderstorm.

Nor did Mr. Percy have a particularly happy morning of it. Miss Portia's manner was such that he would have been a very wayfaring young man indeed could he have erred therein. Not that it was uncivil at all; it was ladylike to the loftiest and most punctilious degree. But she seemed suddenly to have grown very "old and superior," and to be compelled, however unpleasant the duty might be, to remind him of the essential brevity of their acquaintance!

As the batwing settled somnolently to her work in the light airs, he again attempted to lead the talk back and up to the "high philosophic meads" where once more they might cull for each other the flowerets of their most transcendental meditations. But now the damsel seemed to have no mind for that whatever. She drew only the farther away from him. And when at last they had made the circuit of the Lake, she thanked him dismissingly at the boathouse, and walked swiftly home alone.

He went up to the club, played a game of fifteen-ball pool to clear his head—which did not clear it at all—listened to a lot of idiotic roasting from the other cue-holders, and finally, being an optimist and a materialist, he persuaded himself that she would probably be feeling somewhat different after luncheon. At any rate he would run over to The Cedars and see.

Now, over at The Cedars, Miss Portia had entered only to mount directly to her room. And when at luncheon the Judge had for five minutes drummed on the table and glowered at the hall stairs, Mrs. Morris rose and went up to seek the girl.

She was stretched out on her pink silk comforter, and it was ruinously watermarked by a very spring-tide of woe.

"Mother," she cried, "why does father want to make such—such a perfect fool of me? One would think I wasn't ten years old! I know he just wants—wants Mr. Johnston—to act that way toward me—treating me as he does before him! I—I thought—thought at first that I was going to like him—but *now*, I'm—just—just beginning to loathe—loathe him!"

By the time luncheon should have been over Mrs. Morris descended, and she descended alone.

"Well," rasped the Judge from a gnawingly empty stomach—when the placid Helga had retired for the fish—"what ails the girl, pray?"

Mrs. Morris thrust away her plate. "Oh, it's exactly as I anticipated. Instead of helping her affairs by your—your unteachable folly, it's a chance now if you haven't spoiled everything!"

The Judge's eyes began to bulge like a crab's.

"And can't you understand the exasperation a girl, or anybody—feels at being *managed*—at having some one else forever making her arrangements—at having her courtship '*personally conducted*,' you might call it?"

"Elizabeth——"

"To say nothing of the absolute—yes, the absolute vulgarity of being *thrown* at him! I'm just sick of the whole thing!"

"And do you think *I'm* anything but sick of it? I'm sick of *her*—yes, and of *him*, too! Two weeks ago I could take a little different view of him, but as it is *now*—if he comes around here again——"

The expression of horror on the face of his helpmeet stopped him. He jerked his chair to the right about. The young man himself was standing at the door. He was flamingly red and coughing a warning cough that would not have passed in amateur theatricals. (It had brought Miss Portia to the head of the stairs, however!)

"I—I thought I'd just drop in. There was to be a picnic—I thought I'd remind you——"

"I—I THOUGHT I'D JUST DROP IN"

There was good reason now for the Judge to effuse all warmth and cordiality. Alas! far from it. His fury at being overheard immediately blew off at the victim for overhearing him! "'Picnic?' Whose picnic? I suggested no picnic! I know nothing of any picnic, and I care infinitely less!"

"Isaac!"

"I'll have no more, now! I tell you there's been about as much of this as—as—I'll simply have no more to say to him whatever!" He flung down his napkin and started outdoors. "You may talk to him yourself, if you desire to!"

"*Father!*" cried the agonized Portia, and rushing downstairs, started after his shamelessly retreating figure.

But Mr. Johnston, with a face like an impressionist's setting sun, was already rapidly taking the other direction. She turned and flew after him.

"Oh, what *must* you think?" She caught wildly at his arm. "And after me being such a perfect little beast all morning, too! And you doing everything you could to be nice to me! Where is the picnic? *I'll* go with you! And if you'll only show me how else I can make it up to you——!"

. . . . . .

At dinner it was the Judge who was somewhat late. Portia met him wearing an expression as wholly new and as fascinatingly uncanny as if she had just been tattooed. "I—I think it right to tell you, father," she said in a voice half of martyrdom, half of burning challenge, "that I've been out with Mr. Johnston all afternoon, and—if I think it can give him any pleasure—I am going out with him again tomorrow!"

The old gentleman gasped and swallowed. And between courses he gasped and swallowed again. As he had acknowledged to Mr. Percy himself, "in some ways Portia had rather got away from him." He was now overwhelmingly convinced of that.

But could he understand the baleful character which at one leap she had ascribed to him? Or could he guess how, that night, with further fiery tears, she had laid upon herself the sacred duty of retrieving the family dignity—by him so flagrantly flung away!

IV

THROUGHOUT the preposterous days which followed the reflections and emotions of the ferocious young-man-hater of The Cedars were extraordinarily complicated. And so many of them were of varieties as yet unnamed and unclassified by even the German psychologists that the present teller-of-truth—though having the most exhaustive comprehension of the old gentleman's kaleidoscopic state of mind himself—feels the utter impossibility of interpreting it to you, dear reader of this brief and tender idyl.

Perhaps, however, if you have ever set forth to lead some blithe and innocent young animal—make it, if you will, a filly of the richest Arabian strain—and suddenly at the very hilliest and most treacherous part of the road the charming young creature has picked up her precious heels and elected to lead you, with no apparent likelihood of tiring, either—you will be in some position to grasp the essential conditions of the situation. Suffice it to say that the Judge still had occasional nicotian half-hours when he could tell himself that he regarded this new and violent adjustment of the affair with tranquillity. But for the most part he was entirely illogical; he distinctly and unmistakably did not like it!

In the mean time Miss Portia, feeling that in Mr. Johnston there was the poignant aftermath of what is legally specified as "great anguish of mind," rested not in seeking new ways of bringing him solace. She did not now cruelly refuse to return to those high Elysian meadows of the "perfect sympathy." It was she, now, who unblushingly led him up and into them. And not only did she twine with him the amaranth of the "kindred soul," but it might almost have been said that she hung wreaths of it about his afflicted neck. All of which, in the hours when he could forget the "outside situation," was ambrosially sweet to him.

He was on a very Magic Carpet, indeed. One morning he had confessed to an unmanly fondness for gingerbread. In the afternoon Miss Portia came out to him with a whole batch of it. The day following he happened to lament the loss of a Tam o'Shanter he had been wont to wear when sailing. That

evening she produced one she had had in the Baltic, and would hear of no refusal!

Nor in the mean time had her righteous animus against her ruthless father undergone any perceptible amelioration. At almost any meal, now, she gave him conscientiously to know that she had either just come from an excursion with Mr. Johnston or had one in contemplation. And that grated on the Judge excessively.

To complete all, the camp at large, too, was now observing the progress of Portia's affair; and, although in the very kindest way, of course, was beginning to remark upon it. This did not make for happiness, and as the week went on the comments redoubled. Nor must any one suppose that Miss Portia herself was ignorant of them. But she set her lips together in a fierceness of pride, and breathed through fanning nostrils, which she held so high that the world was beneath her notice.

Indeed, the one thing which did have power to embitter her was the ingratitude of Mr. Percy himself. For, as the days passed, in spite of all she was doing to make his outcast lot delectable, she could have sworn that he had been happier, all in all, when enduring the brutalities of her outrageous parent! He kept asking her concernedly about the old gentleman's health, and repeatedly suggested that he call for her at the cottage. And when Saturday evening came, it was as if he had taken an oath to see himself completely outdone before the new week began! "I just want to try to straighten things out," he said, "for I'm ready to stack up everything I have that it was just some fool misunderstanding. I want to try to get right with him."

"Well, after the way you were insulted, if it's anybody's place to make the advances——"

"Oh, no, now, it isn't! He's twice my age—and I've never really had half enough practice in that sort of thing. I remember now the way I'd been rubbing it into him about his fishing."

"For my part, I'd made up my mind that I'd never let you come to our place again!"

"But I *want* to! It's a case of playing in your yard, don't you see? And—while I know just how generously you mean in the matter—in *me* it seems just a little low-down and underhand, you know!"

"Oh, of course, if you look at it in *that* way—if you are willing to be insulted again——" Somehow at that moment his magnanimity seemed to her only a glancing reflection upon herself. She cut short their after-dinner paddle, had him turn down the river homeward. And when she started back along the path to The Cedars it was with a heart vaguely but achingly angry at Mr. Johnston, her father, and all the world beside. . . .

The Judge had endured one week of the new order of things; but in that after-dinner hour of Saturday, as he sat smoking by Mrs. Morris on their riverward grass-plot, he was telling himself irrevocably that it had now gone on quite long enough. He would give Percy one more chance. He would go down to the club that night and tell him to come up and join them in a rubber of whist. And if—after all he had stood from him—he should refuse—yes—or even for one moment hesitate——

It was almost at this moment that Percy's canoe, with Portia in the bow of it, passed them on its way back to the boathouse!

At the sight, Mrs. Morris dropped the cushion-top she had been embroidering. "Isaac, I haven't said much this last week—I've been silent even to *her*—but I want to know how long you are going to allow this thing to go on?"

"It shall go on no longer," he replied in a voice of finality; "I've decided to end it to-night."

She turned and looked at him, and with all the apprehensive suspicion of three weeks ago. "Well, I should very much like to know how, then?"

(*Continued on Page 27*)

The Masquerading Cynic

The Story of a Courtship by Proxy

By Hamblen Sears

THE Naugatuck Club was unique. It was only four hours from town, its maximum membership was twenty-five, politics, business and bridge were tabooed. Anybody caught discussing politics was fined ten dollars. Talking business or putting a deal through cost a member three months' suspension. A discovered game of bridge meant expulsion for all concerned.

A well-built young man of about thirty sat by the big wood fire in the huge room of the club with that placidity which the first day with the wild ducks gives to a tired man.

The wheels of the station buckboard sounded outside, the door opened and another man, perhaps a little less vigorous, perhaps not quite so strong in face and body, walked in.

"Halloa, Dick," said he.

"Halloa, Freddie, what brings you into the wilds?"

"I'm done up, Dick! I can't reach it! I—come up to my room, will you? I've got to talk to somebody."

A moment later, one sitting on the bed, the other unpacking, Freddie said:

"Richard, I'm useless!"

"No more than usual, I hope," said the other politely.

"Well, I just pass! I'm dead to the world!"

"If you would talk the English language I might gather the context," suggested Richard.

"Look here, Dick. I say to the devil with women!"

"Ah!" mused his friend. "A woman!"

"I didn't say so! Oh, I can't talk to any one! I came here to be alone."

"Excuse me," interrupted Richard, rising and moving toward the door.

"Don't be an ass, man. I've got to be with some one or I'll commit suicide."

"So bad as that? Come after some ducks with me in the morning."

"May I go with you?"

"Will it save you from suicide?"

"It might ease my mind a bit."

"Then go it is. I'm in for it now," he added to himself, as he went to his own room. "It's a woman; and I can help a man on the woman question about as easily as I can help a camel on the needle question."

It was two o'clock in the morning when old Captain Barkus knocked at Richard's door and bade him get up.

"No, I'm darned if I will," replied that gentleman sleepily.

"It's getting on toward sunrise, Mr. Darley," said the Captain through the door.

"I don't care if it's sunset!"

"Come on, Dick. I'm up," said Freddie through the door of his adjoining room.

Darley sat up in bed.

"You haven't slept, Freddie!"

"No."

"Reached anything yet?"

"No."

"Well! Well!" muttered Darley as he got slowly out of bed. "It's coming!"

So they dressed by candle light, walked downstairs and ate an egg and drank a cup of coffee with the Captain.

"Are the birds flying this morning, think, Barkus?" asked Darley.

"Sure, sir. There ain't been no sign o' moon; like enough thick weather to seaward and the wind comin' in from the east'ard pretty smart. But you gentlemen have got to move." And so they got out into the night, and came to the stand, and set out the decoys, and watched the Captain and his son row in either direction to turn toward them whatever of wild ducks might come in.

"We'll get a crack soon, Freddie. It's an ideal morning for them."

No response from the other.

"Suicidal leanings still strong?"

"Say, look here, Dick. Do you know Ethel Talbot?"

"Well! Well!" moaned Richard to himself. "It's come!" Aloud he answered, "No; why should I?"

"Well, you know who she is?"

"Certainly. She is Albert Talbot's daughter. He's treasurer of this club."

"I suppose so. Well, she's it, Dick."

"Oh, is she? Why doesn't she tag you, then?"

"Don't be an ass! I—she—I—she——"

"It?" suggested his friend.

"Hang it, man, she says I don't do anything; she says what's the good of a man who doesn't reach out; she says she'll be d——d if she'll tie up to a slob like me."

"Nice language she uses," interrupted Richard, as he kept his eyes on the horizon.

"Well, *you* know. She won't stand for it."

"How much have you got, Freddie?"

"Five thousand a year."

"How much of it did you make?"

"Make? You know very well the governor left it to me."

"What do you do for more?"

"Why, nothing."

Darley watched the light grow in the east for a moment and then said:

"She probably is a decent girl as women go——"

"She's a dream, man!"

"——decent girl as women go, and wanted to see if you could do anything. And you killed the goose by saying you wouldn't try."

"But we could live on what I have and what she——"

"By gad, here they come!" cried Darley suddenly. "Right there to the eastward of the point. Keep down, man! Keep down! Now they turn. Wait till I tell you to fire. They'll be over the 'coys in an instant. Take the last bird, Freddie, the last bird! Easy—easy—they've turned—no, here they come! Wait, now, wait!" The little specks seemed to grow suddenly larger instead of coming nearer and then they swung in over the decoys and came on with prodigious velocity.

"Now!" And both men fired. The last bird moved swiftly on. The next to the last dropped into the water.

"Thunder! I believe I missed."

"I believe you did, Freddie," and they waited to see if the birds would turn in a second time.

"I can't hit anything. I'm too done up."

"Well?"

"Well. I told her I'd try to do something, and she said she couldn't agree to any waiting game—and what the deuce can I do?"

"What is the name of that uncle of yours?" asked Darley the next moment.

"Who? Uncle William Stevens?"

"Yes, what is he?"

"President of the Ninth National, downtown."

"Go to him and get a ten-dollar-a-week job. Then see what the lady says."

Silence for a moment.

"Dick, you are invited to the Denham's dance for Monday night——"

"And I'm not going."

"Will you go and meet her and talk to her—and—tell her about it?"

A groan, all but audible, was followed by a start "There they come again! Get down! Ge-e-et down, low! Easy, now, easy! And for Heaven's sake, don't miss this time!

//

THE Denham's dance was in full force up on an upper floor of Delmonico's—some hundred people or more—and as Darley entered somewhat late he saw a whirl of dark figures mixed up with pink and blue and white gowns of a very fairylike nature. It was a pretty sight, and he stood watching it when one black-and white affair dissolved itself into two people, and he was shaking hands with a young person with gray eyes and brown hair whom Freddie Beaumont introduced as Miss Ethel Talbot.

"I've heard a great deal about you," she said

"Nice subject, isn't it?"

"I don't know yet."

"Where have you been, Dick, all the evening?" asked Beaumont

"Working," replied the other, as Freddie, without waiting for a reply, took himself off

"Working at what?" asked a quiet voice, as Darley felt a white glove take his proffered arm

"The struggle for existence, so-called," he answered

"What do you do, Mr. Darley?"

"Lord, Lord! Here is where it all came from," he muttered. Then he said aloud: "Oh, I write editorials that astound the universe——"

"But you are really at work and doing something?"

"Well, you see neither Freddie's governor nor mine left me five thousand a year." And his eyebrows rose slightly

The gray eyes certainly showed the possibilities of humor

"Freddie has just seen his uncle, and a week from to-day he goes into the bank to begin work."

"At ten dollars a week?" he asked apprehensively

"No," laughed the young lady; "at fifty dollars a week."

"That's a splendid beginning," said Darley. "And, Miss Talbot, Freddie Beaumont is worth it, worth very much more—don't you think so?"

"Do you think so?"

"I do. Much more"

"You like shooting, don't you?"

"Yes. We all like what we cannot get

"So do I," said she quietly

"What do you shoot with?" and he looked straight in her eyes

Miss Talbot returned the look for an instant

"Are you a flirt, Mr. Darley?"

"God forbid, madam," he said hastily

"I think He does," she answered. Then, after a pause "Do you write only editorials?"

"No; I write great works, poems, novels, plays

"Do you really? Where are they published?"

"They are seldom published, Miss Talbot Only the grasping money-makers publish their works."

"You are making fun of me. Tell me the truth."

"I wouldn't dare to—shall we go in and dance?"

"No! let us go into that palm-room and sit down instead."

"You read my thoughts You are really a very wonderful person."

"Such a trite thing to say, isn't it?" said she, leaning back on a small sofa

"So many people tell you so, then?" with a smile.

"Not at all," said she quickly. "But it is so foolish to talk to me like that

"Then let us talk of Freddie."

"Why of him?"

"Because I know you like him, and have known him a long time; and because I have known him a long time and like him, too. He is a good mortal and will soon be better yet."

"He has a good friend, anyway. Did he tell you to talk to me of him?"

"Not in the least," said Darley firmly

"He *said* he did," and an innocent manner scarcely concealed a gleam of humor.

"The fool! The ass! The idiot!" muttered Richard. "I imagine this must be the case where the boy lied."

"Which boy?"

"I am a decrepit old man, Miss Talbot."

"Your exterior is beautifully preserved, then," said she, looking gravely at him

"Would it be discourteous of me to ask if you are a flirt, Miss Talbot?"

"Would it be profanity for me to reply 'God forbid, Mr. Darley?"

Then for some reason they both laughed. And she suddenly leaned forward and asked him

"Do you, sir, in your literary career——"

"Newspaper career," he put in parenthetically

"——ever read poetry?"

"Sometimes," suspiciously

"Ever read Longfellow's Miles Standish?"

"Miss Talbot, you are incorrigible. It isn't fair."

"Then speak for yourself," she said; adding hastily, 'about shooting." And for an instant a little flush stood on her cheek

He leaned back in his chair and laughed again

"Well,

"'I like to shoot my little gun
At any time of day.
I like to see the rabbits run—
Unless they get away.'"

"Will you try to be serious, sir?" frowning with much severity. "Do you know I shot a deer last fall in the Adirondacks"

"No, did you really? What rifle did you use?" And he leaned forward with a new spark in his eye—a spark that was noted the moment it appeared

"A 40-.30. And it was perfectly dear!"

"A little heavy for you, I should say. Better make it a 30-.30 half magazine. You can do a good deal better with that. I had a chance once——" He stopped suddenly, for in the face near his he caught the trace of a smile—'er—shall we dance?'

"Please, please!" she pleaded, quite serious now. 'Is that fair to a helpless girl?"

And then they were off in a discussion of the technical questions of rifles, all of which, to his intense amazement and delight, she understood. And he sat more and more on the edge of his chair and she leaned forward with her white gloved elbows on her white silk knees. Looking up suddenly for some corroboration or denial, she discovered his face lit up with something that had not been there a moment before, and she said abruptly:

"Do you know you are exactly like your sister?"

My sister!"

'Yes, your sister Ethel."

Ethel?" he said again in the same dazed tone

Yes, Ethel. That's my name, too, you know."

"You don't mean to tell me you're Ethel's Ethel?"

'Oh, no! I'm Priscilla What's-her-name."

Why, but Ethel's been telling me about you for the last four hundred years!"

"Not quite so long as that." And she laughed gayly at his embarrassment.

"But then you can't be over nineteen!"

"It was you who said I was four hundred."

Then he stood over her a moment in undisguised amazement, until she reached up her hand and said demurely

"Won't you shake hands with an old friend?"

He took it—took it all—grasped it and held it thus until the embarrassment appeared on her face, when the hand was suddenly drawn away as a cheery voice behind them said

"Well, children, how goes it? Pushing a good thing along?"

Without hesitation the little lady said

"We were just shaking hands and saying good-night, for I see mamma coming with a 'go-home' look on her face."

And as Freddie and his friend walked away Darley could only mutter to himself: "Yes, Freddie, pushing a good thing along"

///

TEN days later while he was fixing his third cup of coffee, Darley glanced at two or three letters lying by his toast. The first was a bill for an expensive pair of shoes with "Please remit" written beneath it. He tore it up, muttering that the poor he had with him always. The next was a notification of a meeting of a committee. He tore that up The third was an invitation to dine with Mrs. Talbot, and it said, "I want to have the pleasure of meeting you, too."

"*Too!*" said Richard, addressing the coffee machine Such a little word. I wonder if it was a pleasure. I will go and see."

And a few evenings later he walked into the Talbots' drawing-room

"I m so glad you could come," said Miss Talbot.

'Could I refuse when mamma said 'Too'?"

"Two? Two what?

He handed her the invitation

I never said any such thing," said she.

Ah," he said to himself. "Then she did, after all."

We are delighted to have you here," exclaimed Mrs Talbot, shaking him languidly by the hand. "Ethel told us so much about you that we really had to see for ourselves."

He looked at her, but she did not waver; "I only said you were a cynic."

"Aha!" he laughed. "Splendid! It's my one ambition—to be a cynic! Do you like cynics, Mrs. Talbot?"

"Why, really, Mr. Darley, not as a rule, you know Don't they say rude things and dress badly?"

He looked down at his clothes: "They are the best I have

"Oh, really I—I meant nothing personal," added the lady a little nervously "There's nothing the matter with your clothes."

'I'll try not to be rude," he said plaintively.

'Oh, but you mustn't take it as—ah, dinner is ready! Will you take in Ethel, Mr. Darley?"

'Are you really a cynic?" asked Ethel as they took their places at table.

"Of course, since you say so"

"But Freddie says you are not That you are——"

"Well, what did Freddie say?"

"Shall I give you his exact words?"

"Of course."

"That you are a dear, good fellow trying to be cynical, but failing miserably." And the young woman looked down at her oysters.

"Freddie lies in his teeth," answered Darley softly

After a pause: "Tell me about the editorials."

"Ladyship, shall I tell you the story of my life?"

"Do try to be serious. I am really interested

"Well," said he with a sigh, "there are three to be done to-night."

"What about?" she asked with interest.

'The first as to whether cynics really must wear bad clothes——"

"Dear, good mamma, she meant well, anyway."

"The second as to whether pink or white goes best with gray eyes."

"Which shall you decide?"

"That both being perfect, the question is laid on the table."

"So silly," said she. "And the third?" as a little smile passed over her face

"Ah, the third!" said he; "that is very serious. I cannot tell you about the third

Please

"I don't dare to."

"I won't tell"

"Well," and of a sudden the lines about his jaw set a little, "the third will be a discussion as to whether a

AND HE LEANED FORWARD WITH A NEW SPARK IN HIS EYE

girl has the sense and honor to marry the man she has led on to love her."

There was a pause. Then gradually a flush appeared on her face. He saw it grow, and the pause became embarrassing, when a very sweet but a very distant voice said

"And what will you decide to be the likelihood?"

"I've changed my mind about that editorial. I shall not write it," he answered, looking down at his plate.

"Why?"

"Because it isn't fair."

"No, it isn't fair," said she. "And now I must talk to the man on the other side."

"Please don't go!"

"It is rude not to."

"Is that a lesson for me?"

"Does the shoe fit? There is a very marriageable, attractive girl on your right."

"If you do not come back soon I shall be married," said he with plaintive emphasis.

Darley turned to the marriageable heiress and became at once strangely fascinated by a tiny mole on the side of her nose which moved up and down every time she laughed He tried not to look at it, and yet it was impossible not to say things that might draw a smile. Meantime he heard little or nothing, but felt himself growing lightheaded and more or less inclined to think that this was a great world and life worth living, after all.

In the midst of this a conciliatory voice said sweetly:

"I received a 30-.30 the other day and don't know who sent it."

"Did you really? How did it suit?"

"It is better than the heavy one. I tried it in a gallery to-day

"Cleave unto it until death do you part It is the best for you."

"You must come and see it some time"

"May I soon?"

"Will you?'

"And is my—my editorial forgiven?"

"There is nothing to forgive," said she, rising with the others, "only—only—no, there's nothing to forgive."

An hour and a half later Darley was standing at the window of his club gazing down on Fifth Avenue, with his hands thrust into his pockets. There was no avenue with reflecting rain mirrors on the asphalt, nor yet any bright-eyed cabs hurrying by, only two large gray eyes close to the window-pane, and Richard had the feeling that he must step through the glass and into the eyes, which were private rooms containing many jewels. He was murmuring to himself: "I wonder how long it will be before he discovers the burglar," when Beaumont's voice hailed him from behind

"I was wondering," said Darley in reply, "where Fifth Avenue and the cabs and the rain had gone.

"What? Oh, chuck it! Let me tell you. I've got a chance to be assistant bond clerk. Uncle William's a brick'

"I dined at Mrs. Talbot's to-night," said Darley.

Freddie sat up quickly.

"Did you?" said he. "How is she?"

"Very nice, I think; a little gray and a little nervous, but then the mother of four grown——"

"Thunder, Dick, I don't mean mamma."

"Oh, you mean Miss Talbot?"

"Did you suppose I meant the maid? How did she—er?'

"Pretty well. Nice girl."

"Oh, stuff, man. Did she—did you—er—talk about me at all?"

"Yes, sir, we considered your marked ability as a Wall Street financier."

"Did she like it?" asked Freddie eagerly.

"She did not condemn it. You'd better go and see her and tell her about it. And, by the way, tell her to change the combination on the safe."

"The combination on the what?" asked the other. "Ah, Major!'

"Good-evening, young men. I'm just in time. I know you'll try just a taste in my honor—my birthday, you know."

Beaumont stood a moment undecided and then left the other two alone. As they sat together in the corner of the room, a moment later, Darley said

"Major, why did you never marry?"

The old gentleman took his cigar from his mouth and turned abruptly to his questioner.

"Gad, sir, marry! Why in the deuce should I?"

"Oh, family ties, you know; little tots doing the cluster act about that gouty knee of yours—duty to humanity—sweet comforts in your old age, and such other elemental notes of the unit of civilization.'

"Unit be d——d, sir! I don't want any of your snivelling tots knocking around my knee. Nor any women and folderols to pay for. No, sir, nor any one woman. Look at me now! Happy as a clam. No worries. Anybody I want to wait on me, and a few friends with your elements of civilization all laid out and glad to show me any time I take it into my head to try them. Here I go on Sunday afternoons to Albert Talbot's, and I get more of the elements than I can digest all the week. No, sir," as he twisted his side-whiskers forward and replaced the cigar with a certain finality between his lips—"no, sir! God forbid that I should have been such a fool! I'm as happy as a kid with a new toy now."

"Well, Major, here's to you! I'll go to bed and dream of the joys of bachelorhood—if I can get rid of other dreams," he added to himself

II

"I DON'T suppose you would have come if I hadn't written you'

"I was afraid," said Richard, watching her as she sat in some soft lacy gown with the late afternoon sunlight behind her, "I said so many rude things the other night."

BUT THE FIRST BIRD HE KILLED HAD GRAY EYES

"Did you? I took them to be the proper sayings of a masquerading cynic. Here's my first child" And she held up the rifle.

"May you be blessed with many of them," said he.

"One is quite enough. I don't go into the woods often enough for more

"Two at least are necessary to furnish companionship," and he handed the rifle back to her. She laid it across her knees and looked at him.

'You are speaking of guns'

'You spoke of children," he answered.

A quick tinge of color came into her face and grew as she spoke on.

"Yes, I think children are dear; don't you?"

"Yes

"Even to cynics?"

"All the more so, because they understand us better than grown people."

She leaned forward a little and sai "Why have you never married?"

"Takes two."

"And——" she asked, turning the gun over.

"Number two not in at the roll-call."

"Masquerading?"

"No, sincere for once

"Is there—is there any one who—who ought to be in at the roll-call?"

He looked at her earnestly.

"Yes, Miss Talbot."

A shade went over her face.

"Tell me about her."

"I can't. She belongs to another."

"Oh dear! Is she married?"

"No." And again he resolved to tell Freddie to get a new combination on the safe

Ethel's face turned to the rifle and one white hand moved back and forth over the polished barrel.

"Engaged?"

No

The white hand stopped.

"Why bound, then?"

"Because the right man has her—her affections."

"How do *you* know?"

"Don't cynics have any sense of the fitness of things?"

"Not always."

"Shouldn't they be respectable members of society and know what is true and right and try to act up to it?"

"Might not she have something to say in the matter?" said she

He did not know. He began to lose confidence in himself and decided it was wiser to leave

When he was gone Ethel sat down upon the floor with the gun across her knees and—cried.

III

IT WAS getting on toward spring one night when Darley sat in his rooms. Richard found it difficult to keep up this playing with fire. He sat now evolving a plan for stopping the business, when Beaumont came in

"What's up, Freddie?" asked the host

"Everything's down," answered the other, sinking into a chair. "Dick, you're the only one I can talk to."

Well?'

"Something's up. I saw Ethel last night, gave out much business news—and something's got in between. I can see it with one eye closed and the other shut."

Well?'

"I'm in a fearful funk! What's the matter, do you suppose? Have I lost a place just as I was getting up to the tape?"

"Why, you idiot, don't you see she's only surprised at your being able to 'reach up'?"

"But I mustn't lose."

"No, Freddie, you mustn't lose. Show your nerve. Go and see her—take her by masculine force."

Beaumont thought a moment and then, slapping his knees, said

"I'll do it. I'll go right now."

"No, no, don't go now," said the other in some trepidation. "Wait till nine o'clock, when they will be through dinner"

"All right," answered the other, "but it's a long time to wait—two hours."

"Oh, that's nothing in a lifetime. And so you won't go till after nine, sure?" And Freddie disappeared with the promise given

He had no sooner left the room than Darley went to his writing-desk and wrote her

> "I have been playing a mean part. My only excuse is that I did not see the meanness until the last day or two. I don't know how to write it, and I am having a hard time thinking how to make it clear without seeming to you a conceited ass. Perhaps the only way is the direct way. So here goes: To-night after you receive this there comes to you a young man—a fine fellow. He is the right one! Talk to him and hear what is in his heart. There is no other man to compare with him. Don't for a moment think there is! Is that impudent—none of my business? I do not mean it so. Only I'm very sorry for it all—for my mean part in it, and—I'm very sad—in fact I should like to stretch my thirty-year-old six-foot hulk on the floor and cry.
>
> "Good-by, sweet lady—good-by!"

"Peter," said Richard to the boy who answered his ring, "take this note to that address at once and then come back here and show me a receipt."

IV

IT WAS a miserable situation for a cynic. That was quite evident. But then, he had given up other things in this world because they were not for him, and he could give this up, too. It was only necessary to use a little philosophy and get interested in something else. And thus by nightfall of the next day he was sitting in the main room of the Naugatuck Club, and in the morning he was out on the lake with Captain Barkus watching for ducks. But the first bird he killed had gray eyes, and he stroked its feathers and apologized to it and said he would marry it—and then he threw it into one corner and swore softly to himself

"You hain't got yer eye with yer to-day, have ye?" remarked the Captain.

"Yes, but it's gray."

"Eh?" queried the Captain.

"Gray, man! Haven't you ever seen gray eyes?"

"Aye, but what's them to do with duck shooting?"

"Oh, I'm going home," said Darley. And he strode off through the woods, leaving the Captain to drive back alone

in some wonder as to what his young friend had imbibed. As he went along, if he failed to read sermons in the stones, he had no difficulty in reading love stories here and there along the way. He wondered how the letter had been received. He wondered if she thought him an ass, if she laughed at him. And then he became aware of the fact that she was coming toward him in the narrow path. At first he thought it was his absurd imagination that had run riot, and then in an instant he knew that she must see him and that he could not escape.

She looked up and stopped short

"What do you mean by coming here!" said the young lady.

"I *didn't* mean to," said he aimlessly

"I came here to be alone," said she as they still stood watching one another

"So did I," answered he. "Excuse me"—and he made as if to turn about.

"You knew I would be here," said she suspiciously.

"I did not really even suspect that you *could* come here. If I had I should not have come."

"Oh, what a thing to say!" cried she

"That is, I wanted to avoid you—I mean, I knew you did not want to see me."

No answer.

"Excuse me." And he stepped aside. She hurried by. Then she stopped suddenly, and without turning her head she said:

"Were you going back to the clubhouse?"

"Why, no——"

"Because if you were I should like—I think I have somehow lost the path——"

Certainly," said he, coming close to her; "I was just thinking of getting back to breakfast."

They turned toward the house and walked silently along the little path in the morning light. Not a word did either say

Up the steps they marched and into the house. There stood Albert Talbot.

"Ah, here you are, Ethel—How-do, Darley? Where's Fred Beaumont, Ethel? I thought he'd be here by the late train last night."

"I don't think he will come, father. He went to Aiken last night." And Miss Ethel gazed innocently at the rug

"Aiken last night! Good Heavens, what a man!" said the father. "He said yesterday that he'd follow us up here!"

At breakfast little was said. Darley sat by Miss Talbot, and when the meal was nearly over he said

"Shall I go away?"

And she answered:

"How can I tell?"

"Did you bring your 30-.30?"

"No. What good would a rifle be here?"

"Did you ever try a shotgun?"

"No."

"Would you—would you care to try at ducks this afternoon?"

"Were you going?"

"Yes."

"I shouldn't inconvenience you?"

"No, you wouldn't inconvenience me."

"Then I'll go. What time?"

"About three o'clock."

As they sat in the shooting stand by the little lake, late that afternoon, there came Barkus' signal of warning over the water

Darley said:

"So Freddie didn't come yesterday?"

"No," said she, looking out on the bay through one of the holes in the wall of the stand

"Has he gone to Aiken in search of—anything?"

"Not for me."

"Are you all alone in the world?"

"Oh, no. I have father."

"Are you cold?"

"No."

Alarming signals of warning from Barkus across the bay.

"Are your hands cold?"

"No."

"Let me see."

She raised the nearer one, looked at it a moment and slowly drew off the thick glove. And her ladyship seemed intent on the bay.

It's very cold," said he at last

No answer

Then he carried the hand slowly to his lips.

There came the sound of an oar outside the stand.

"What in tarnation be you doin', Mr. Darley? Hain't you seen them ducks?"

Darley got up suddenly.

"What? Where? What's that, Barkus?"

"Why, them fifteen birds what come nigh on to knocking the stand down."

"Strange I didn't see them, Barkus," said Darley. "But Miss Talbot finds it too cold here. We'll have to give it up and walk back through the woods."

And they two left the stand—left Barkus grumbling at such blindness—and started along the little woodland path, just as the red setting sun looked over the hills and trickled down through the trees upon them—these two, walking in the cold, clear evening, hand in hand, silently.

Repartees and Retorts

By William Mathews

LORD BEACONSFIELD, depicting a certain person in one of his novels, says that "he could always, when necessary, sparkle with anecdote or blaze with repartee." It is needless to say which of these is the higher social gift. Scores of men, with tenacious memories and a ready flow of words, can amuse a social circle with a perennial flow of anecdotes, who yet have no talent for repartee. The man of anecdotes, however apt or felicitous in telling them, seldom fails to bore his hearers by frequent repetition—a practice which leads another of the novelist's characters to say that "when a man falls into his anecdotage, it is time for him to retire from the world."

It is well known that for the highest success of a witticism it is necessary that it should seem to be impromptu. The finest *jeu d'esprit*, the happiest hit, which is known to have been coolly and deliberately prestudied and kept in ambush, can never have the effect of even an inferior one which is a real flash of the fancy, an inspiration of the moment, a sudden and irrepressible outburst. Brilliant and telling as was the conversational wit of Sheridan, our admiration of it is greatly lessened when we are told that it was carefully elaborated before its utterance. We now know, what his applauding hearers did not, that he would wait patiently a whole evening at a dinner-party for the exact moment when the shaft which he had ready feathered might be let fly with the greatest effect. There was no effort, either obvious or disguised, to draw you into the ambuscade of his ready-made joke; and when the lucky, longed-for moment did at last arrive, the natural and apparently unexpected manner in which he would let the treasured sentiment fall from his lips at once astonished and charmed his hearers. Such facts as these show that in many cases spoken wit, though to all appearance extemporaneous, may have been premeditated; but there is one species of it to which the most skeptical hearer cannot deny the merit of spontaneity—we mean the repartee. Especially is this true when the repartee is in reply to a sudden and unexpected attack. Nothing is more admirable, nothing more quickly wins our sympathy, than the perfect command and instantaneous concentration of the faculties, when a man is taken at a disadvantage and triumphantly repels an insinuation or an insult without a moment's previous warning. That felicity of instant rejoinder which we call readiness has saved thousands of men from mortification and contempt. The dexterous leap of thought by which the mind escapes from a seemingly hopeless dilemma is worth all the logic and learning in the world. The impromptu reply, says Molière, is precisely the touchstone of wit

One of the readiest Englishmen at repartee was "the English Aristophanes," Samuel Foote. Doctor Johnson was long so prejudiced against him that, dining once in his company, he affected not to listen to him. "But the dog was so very comical," he afterward said, "that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork and have the laugh out." "Why are you forever humming that tune?" said Foote to an acquaintance. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," rejoined the wit, "you are ever murdering it." When the miserly Garrick was vainly searching for a guinea at the Bedford one night, Foote asked, "Where on earth can it be gone?" "To the devil, I think," said the actor. "Let you alone, David," exclaimed Foote, "for making a guinea go farther than any one else." When a rich contractor was descanting upon the instability of the world, he turned to Foote and said: "Can you account for it, sir?" "Not unless it was built by contract," was the reply.

A Battle of the Nations

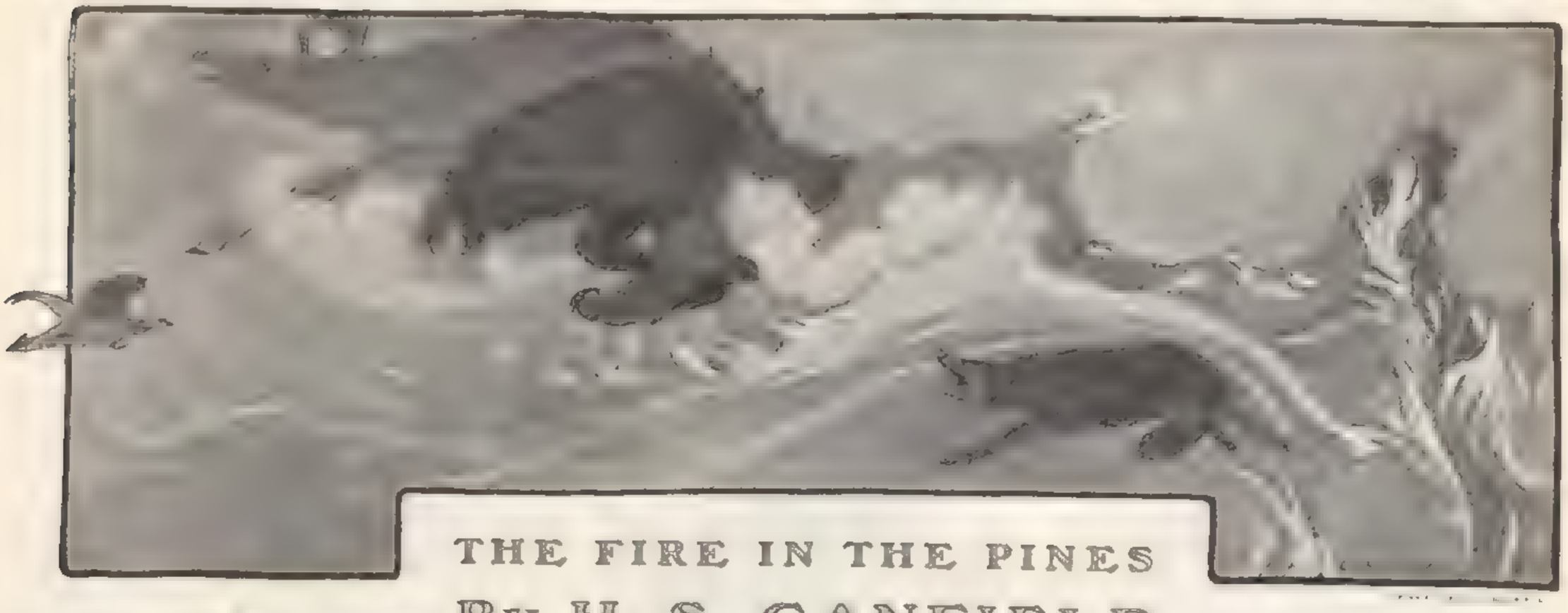
A TELLING reply was made during the Franco-German War by an English lady who held a "salon" in London, to the French Ambassador, who complained bitterly that England had not intervened in behalf of France: "We always believed that you were a nation of shopkeepers, and now we know you are." "And we," instantly replied the lady, "always believed that you were a nation of soldiers, and now we know you are not."

The late Bishop Wilberforce of England is said to have been endowed with rare powers of repartee, which he did not hesitate to exercise in the social circle or on the platform. To a hearer who tried to annoy and disconcert him, while addressing a great meeting in St. James' Hall, London, by frequently shouting, "Speak up, my lord!" he replied in the most dulcet tone, "I am already speaking up; I always speak up, and I decline to speak down to the level of the ill-mannered person in the gallery." This reminds us of a retort of Theodore Parker in a speech which we heard him make nearly sixty years ago at an Anti-Slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall. Upbraiding the North for making money out of Southern slavery, he said: "Seventy years ago the first three articles of the religious creed of Massachusetts were these: 'I believe in God the Father Almighty; I believe in Jesus Christ, His Son; I believe in the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God.' Now, the practical creed is: 'I believe in the Gold Eagle Almighty; I believe in the Silver Dollar; I believe in the Copper Cent; and these three make one Money.'"

This sarcasm was received with a loud burst of applause, mingled with an outpouring of hisses. Turning to a prominent hisser in the gallery, Parker, in nowise disconcerted, said, in a tone of mingled defiance and contempt: "I have given you your belief in my own language, and you have responded in your own vernacular."

Though Sheridan generally premeditated and husbanded his antithetical sprightliness, yet he could and did, when hard pressed, throw off retorts as readily as he hiccoughed to the watchman in London who found him "half-seas over" and demanded his name, "W-w-wilberforce!" When told that the fretful critic, Richard Cumberland, had expressed his surprise that an audience had laughed so immoderately at a performance of The School for Scandal, which did not extort from him even a smile, Sheridan said: "Cumberland is truly ungrateful for not smiling at my comedy, for I saw a tragedy of his, a fortnight before, at Covent Garden, and laughed incessantly from the beginning to the end." A tersely felicitous reply to a strenuous but shallow advocate of modern studies was that of Lord Sherbrooke. "I have the greatest contempt for Aristotle," said the "advanced thinker." "But not that contempt which familiarity breeds, I should imagine," mildly rejoined his lordship. Not less mild and equally significant was the reply of the Rev. James Marriott, "the great Saint of the Tractarian Movement at Oxford," to a brother-Fellow of Oriel College, who had behaved outrageously at dinner overnight. Coming out of chapel the next morning he sought to apologize, saying: "My friend, I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself last night." "My dear fellow, I assure you I observed nothing unusual."

THE CHRONICLES OF REM



THE FIRE IN THE PINES

By H. S. CANFIELD

WE HAD been to the lick and noted the fresh tracks of the night before. The shooting platform was built twenty feet up, nailed to a great hemlock thirty yards distant. Rem was used to curl up on it and go to sleep, waking to shoot methodically, come down, take up the carcass and go home. It seemed strange that a deer could come within fifty yards of it, day or night, without seeing it, for it was not concealed in any way, but Rem explained this by saying that a "deer has less sense than a cheap landlooker." Rem has not read Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, and has small opinion of the wit of wild animals. Most of them, he says, are "honing to get killed."

We sat on a white birch which had crashed to its fall five years before and Rem dug his one-bladed knife deep into the punk, bringing it out in big brown chunks. It was like tinder, this stuff, and when a match was touched to it glowed instantly into coals

"This kind o' log is good meat for fire," Rem said. "They catch at nothing, like a gal fishing for compliments, and, like the gal again, they blaze for days. There's thousands of 'em in the woods—tens of thousands. Sometimes you see 'em lying twisted where one of them narrow storms has been along and then they're piled and bent and locked like a log-jam. When lightning hits a place like that you've got something as big as a town burning for a week. Fire is the worst thing in the world; next to it is a fool; when the two get together they're just ter'ble.

"Fires in the North Woods has cost a thousand lives and twenty-six million dollars in money. Some of 'em started from the clouds, but not many. Most of 'em happened because a fool out walking had a match. If the people that was left ever caught the fool they fixed him so's he quit thinking about his troubles, but gen'ully the fire fixed him fust.

"If you never see one of them forest fires you don't never want to see one. Your dreams'll be better without it. Hell won't be any news to me. I had oughter be able to find my way around in it; I've saw it three times in the woods.

"A forest fire just spells Death—D-e-t-h! It's worse'n drouth or flood or storm. A man can chew green leaves and walk out of a drouth; he can swim out of a flood, or go with it till he finds a limb handy; he can lay down under a fallen tree crosswise of the track of a storm and the big trees will tumble over him without hurting; but he can't do anything with a fire 'cept run with his tongue hanging out and his knees bending under him—run till he drops, with red cinders all around him and smoke in his nose, and a scairt deer will plant his hoofs on his back before the flames get him. He will have time to think about it.

"Now, the burning is awful, but the worst thing about it is the fear. It starts among the birds and it spreads to the brutes, and from the brutes it spreads to the men, and they're all wild together. You're running, you know, putting in your best licks, and you say to yourself: 'I'm doing a good ten mile an hour; I'm holding my wind fine; I'll beat that fire out;' and the next minute the fear grips you and you don't know nothing. When you come to you're in the water, or you don't come to. Maybe you get it from a buck that goes by you like an arrer from a Chip'way's blowgun; maybe you get it from a fall, or a limb that knocks your hat into your eyes; you get it. The beasts are all crazy, and they can give a man fear like a mangy mink can give him the hand-itch or a crazy wolf can give him the dog-madness. A man that's got the fire-fear is lower than the brutes and crazier, because he thinks more of himself and has got more to lose."

Rem was remembering hard. His face was white and sweat came from under his hatband. He sent his knife to the hilt into the rotten birch.

"One fall," he said, "we was hunting and trapping up in the big pine lands about the Brulé. We camped on Dog Crick that runs into the Brulé from the north. The timber's out of that country now—nothing there but hemlock and blamed little of that—but then it was a wonder. The trees went up two hundred feet and so close that their branches touched. There was hazel brush in the hollows and sumach on the hillsides, with just enough maple and birch among the pines and hemlocks to make it good. In the swamps the tamaracks was thick as poor kin round a rich man's kitchen stove, and when the frost fell you could stand on a hill and see the leaves yellow like gold for miles; the maples was red in half-acre bunches and over 'em the black green of the pines.

"It was dry. August went and not a drop of rain; September went and not a drop; we was at the middle of October, and not a drop. Dog Crick dried until you could jump across it backward. The holes was half water and half trout. The trees looked thirsty. If you brushed again a pine the bark come off in dust. The needles and leaves under foot cracked, and sitting on a runway you could hear a deer coming fifty yards away. That'll give you an idee of how dry it was, for a deer steps like a woman on velvet. The moss on roots turned brown; there was mighty little sap in the limbs, and they creaked like rusty hinges when they swung in the wind. There was water in Mallard Lake five miles to the east; there was water in the Brulé ten miles to the south; there was water in Sailor Lake six miles to the west; and that was all. Every little woods pond was as bare as your hand and the dead perch in 'em stunk.

"Hunting was bad. We moved on moccasins, but it wouldn't have been any different if we had gone barefooted. We could kill only by squatting on the runways that led down to the water, and in a week the deer got to know about us and went to water only at night. We took our traps out of the Dog and moved 'em to the lakes, but we didn't pay much heed to 'em. It took too much walking.

"There was a lot of crows about that camp and in the middle of October they took to cawing steady; the devils cawed all day long. The tree-frogs was busy peeping for rain from sunup to sundown. Heaps of birds moved in on us to be near the crick. You could see 'em down by the edge with their bills open any time. There was something in the air that made us jerky. We couldn't sleep well, and when a man in the woods can't sleep his temper gets saw-teeth on it. We had a couple of turn-overs and went down to the crick and washed the blood off without speaking. Most times in camp when a fight's over all the mad's over, but it weren't that way with us. After a while it got so nobody had a word to say. We went to the traps alone and come back alone and eat supper like dumb men and crawled in. We hung together and kept on working because we had the pelts to sell and divide; that was all held us.

"A man in that camp was named Jack Mace. He was fifty years old and his hair and whiskers was yellow and white. We called him Gray Jack. This Gray Jack was a argufier. He'd argue 'bout the weight of a fish, 'bout the age of a mink, 'bout how many feet a pine would cut, 'bout what time the sun rose and what day of the month it was, and how old George Wash'n'ton was when he come to this country. He was a man that never was wrong in his life; he was a man that knowed more'n the whole town of Chicaggy; he was obs'nit as a Merino ram; he was savage as a littered sow; he smoked all of the time 'cept at his meals and when he was asleep, he went to bed with a pipe in his mouth, and he had matches in every pocket. We was afraid of Gray Jack, but you couldn't tell him nothing. He said he knowed it was dry and he'd saw it dryer.

"He started in the morning to look at a bear trap over on Mallard Lake. He went down the trail and blew a whiff of tobacco-smoke and it drifted over his shoulder. He had on a Mackinaw jacket, red and black, and carried a rifle, because you can't do nothing with a trapped bear but shoot it. He was a big man with wide shoulders, and his Mackinaw, red and black, blocked up the trail for fifty yards or so. Then he went around a bend, smoking hard.

"About ten o'clock Little Pete Mason's hound that was tied to a tree put up his head and howled. It was a long howl and he did it again. There ain't no lonesomer sound. Pete threw a chunk of wood at him. The dog jerked at the rope and howled, then laid down whining and shivered in the hot sun. A flock of jaybirds, maybe twenty of 'em, come flying and screaming. They lit in the trees around the camp, screamed and flew across the crick. A red-tailed hawk was sailing over the pines, rising and dropping, and he seemed to be looking for a chance to dive and nail a jaybird. I'd never seen 'em hunt that way in thick woods and said so. Leggy Taylor said: 'Hawks hunt any way; they ain't ch'ice; what they want is meat.'

"I said: 'The trouble with you is you're a fool.'

"Leggy says: 'You'll eat that!'

"Little Pete jumped between us and said: 'Sit down! For God's sake, sit down!'

"We sit down. I don't know what made him say 'For God's sake!' It didn't seem strange. Red squirrels was running, hopping twenty feet from tree to tree. They was going west; we saw a dozen of 'em at onst; they jumped the crick flying. A big bobcat went by at a lope ten rod away and Leggy said squirrel hunting would be good later. He meant the cat would get his bellyful. I was fixing a little spring trap for mink. The grip flew up and hurt my hand, and I stuck my fingers in my mouth and cussed. They both laughed loud and that made us all feel better.

"From down the trail that led to the east a covey of partridges jumped and sailed over our heads, their wings going like ripsaws. I could have knocked one down with a fishing-pole. The first moose-birds that had come from the north quit the camp and flew away. Two porcupines went by in a awful hurry; they was making as much as a mile an

hour. A fox sneaked across the south edge of the clearing; three bucks and a doe went by like racehorses right behind the fox; we could hear 'em hit the far bank of the crick; three hundred yards to the south a wolf pack passed, but they wasn't on the trail of the deer and wasn't in cry; we knew they was passing by a short howl or two that sounded more like a hurt dog than anything else. Everything was headed west that day

"Leggy had a nose like a p'nter pup. He threw up his head and sniffed. Then he wetted his finger in his mouth and held it up to test the breeze.

"'I must be smelling that camp-fire again' the wind,' he said. The smoke of it was blowing away from him. He walked to the east edge of the clearing, sniffed and said 'Fire! Pine fire!'

"We jumped up and looked to the eastward over the tops of the trees. A thin, dun haze was drifting over the sky. We could just see the upper edge of it where it was thin, but as we looked it thickened and turned darker and climbed. We could see a hundred yards of it, and it was getting higher fast when the wind freshed on a sudden and come in a strong gust. It stopped and another gust come, bending the tree-tops away down. It died away short and a feather would have dropped straight to the ground, the air was so still. Them two gusts seemed to been throwed off the rest of the air like they was shot from a gun and we could hear 'em far away, roaring through the woods. Then the pines bent again and a big blow come on. It scattered the ashes of our fire and I kicked it out.

"We looked at one another and we knew what it meant We thought of Gray Jack, but we didn't take time to cuss him. We knowed what had happened just as well as if we'd saw it. He'd been to his bear trap and found nothing On his way back he lit his pipe and threw the match on some needles and come on. Half a mile behind him the fire got good headway. It burned maybe within a quarter of him afore he noticed it and then it was too late to do any good. It was only five miles to Mallard Lake, and that meant the fire had started not more'n four miles from us It weren't more'n two miles when we noticed it and it was coming in jumps a hundred yards long, spreading lengthwise as it come. A big fire in dry woods looks to travel pretty near as swift as a freight train. We could hear the beasts crashing by on each side of us. We didn't have ch'ice of which way to go; Sailor Lake was the only place for us and that was six miles off.

"We didn't stop to pick up a gun or a blanket We turned and run.

"We forgot the hound and he howled dismal when we hopped the crick. We stopped and looked at one another He was jumping again' the rope fit to break his neck. Little Pete said: 'I don't give a d—n! He sha'n't burn!' and hurried back. He cut the rope with one slash of his knife, but the dog didn't stay with him. He passed us before we had covered a hundred yards, going with his belly within two inches of the ground, and Pete was nearly fifty yards behind us

"You hear a lot about dogs' gratitood and noble feelings, and maybe they have 'em, but they ain't hounds.

"We had six miles to make and half a hour to make it in We had two miles start of the fire and we knowed that it would likely travel the eight miles while we was doing six There weren't no trail to Sailor Lake. It was straight through the timber, jumping logs every fifty yards, jumping 'em like bucks with a pack behind 'em and a river in front Now, you know lumberjacks are fast and long on their feet, they've got to be. I can walk six miles an hour for five hours at a stretch, but there weren't no walking in that. We run with our elbows again' our sides, our eyes open and our mouths shet, and when we took a log we took it from the right foot, going over like birds, and lit running. That Leggy was a wonder! I heerd him say onst that he run for two mile with his arm straight out and his hand flat on a deer's tail, and he couldn't gain enough to crook his fingers He was a liar, o' course, but he could go. He led me ten yards in the first hundred; I never see a man with as straight a back; his chin was tilted a leetle and he looked like he put down one foot before he picked up t'other; but I wouldn't yell to him to slow up; and Little Pete was fifty yard behind.

"I was running free and I didn't feel tired. At the end of the fust mile I got a wad of cotton behind my teeth and my nose felt stopped up, but I spit the cotton out and my second wind come. Then I see Leggy through the trees throw his head forward and lose the cotton and Pete coughed clost behind me, and their second wind come

"The next thing I noticed I had run into a bunch of deer There was four to the right and three to the left. Then I see they had run into me, for they went on like I was standing still. After that animals went by steady—all sorts of 'em. The deer and foxes and cats passed us, every one of 'em running for life, and it showed how trifling a man is on his legs because the porkies was the only things we could catch. A big black bear scrambled across between Leggy and me and didn't know we was alive. Three mile from the camp two gray wolves threw their heads back over their shoulders and snarled at me, but they went on. Maybe they thought I made the fire. Leggy was out of sight then There was no birds any more; they had gone on safe. The woods was still as they are to-day. I could hear my feet pounding the leaves. My legs was made of iron and it looked like I run without trouble. I says to myself that I didn't know I could eat up the ground that way. Then I knowed there was some sort of animal close to me, so close I could touch it; I knowed it was on my left hand, though I didn't see it. I weren't afraid of it; a man ain't afraid of nothing them times 'cept fire. I slung my head round and it was Little Pete within a yard of me; he was lighter'n me and had run up even. He slung his head same time and saw me and we went on, breasts even and 'bout a yard atween us It sorter comforted me to have him there

"I heerd a humming sound like a swarm of wild bees and it was cur'ous. I didn't try to place it; it was just in my ears. Then it swelled louder, like more swarms of bees. Then it got deeper with a roar to it like a strong wind tearing through the tops of the pines, and then I knowed what it was My breath come in so quick it like to choke me and I let out a link or two. It was the fire and it was clost enough to be heard. Soon it was so loud the air trembled and it come to me that it was gaining fast. I s'pose I were a mile from Sailor Lake then. I was running all right; I was good for twelve miles 'stead of six; the fire weren't near enough to throw its heat; but I guess it was then the fear gripped me. I dunno whether I got it from the animals; I dunno where I got it from; it gripped me. Pete's foot caught in a root as he rose to a log and he turned half a somerset. I didn't stop to help him, or see him get up. I dodged the trees somehow and I made my jumps somehow, but I b'leve I was more'n half blind. I can just remember seeing him fall. You can ask me what I wanted to yell for and I can't tell you; I needed all the wind I had; but I was yelling like a Indian; just straining and yelling

"Now I could hear the trees fall as the wind and the flame mowed 'em down, and it seemed to me they would fall on me sure and burn me up, though they was two hundred yards behind; maybe more.

"A piece of hemlock bark, ten feet long and three feet wide and all afiame, sailed over me and fell in front. The leaves and needles where it fell blazed like oil and I jumped 'em, going away up. In a second the heat come. I felt it first on my back and it was just warm. Then the skin of my back begin to crawl under my shirt—I dropped my Mackinaw in the first mile—and then it seemed like a redhot iron was run up and down it. My hands got hot on the backs. I looked right and left and the fire was on each side of me not fifty yards away. It was trying to head me and cut me off. The roar around me was like thunder. I guess I was yelling, because my mouth was wide open, but you couldn't have heerd cannon in that place. My head was burning and I threw up my hand and felt my cap on fire. I tore it off and it started another blaze.

"Then I went down the side of a hill, going ten feet at a jump, and a big pine, blown down by the wind from the fire, fell alongside of me as I went. It missed me by a yard or so. The sky was just a blazing mass of bark and limbs, flying over like a wide, flat river made up of a million broken stars

"Then I went head on into the ice-cold water.

"I swum hard under the lake and when I come up and got a breath I struck out. Limbs and bark was falling into the water all around me but none hit me. A quarter of a mile out was a chain of little rocky islands with nothing on 'em but grass and stunted bushes, a dozen islands or so, running for a mile. The cold water got the smoke and cinders out of my eyes, and, when I could see, there was Leggy on one of the islands, waving and shouting to me to come on. I could see he was shouting, but sure I couldn't hear. When I got to shallow water he run in and grabbed me and half hauled me to dry land. The island he was on weren't more'n ten feet square and he was the only living thing there, but right and left along the chain was all sorts of forest brutes, herded together and quiet as sheep. We saw as many as a hundred deer. Some bodies floated in the lake, a cat or two, porcupines and such things. All of the living ones—bears, wolves, deer—was safe from us and we was safe from them. My clothes was half burned off me and I was blistered in twenty places

"'Where's Little Pete?' Leggy wanted to know fust off

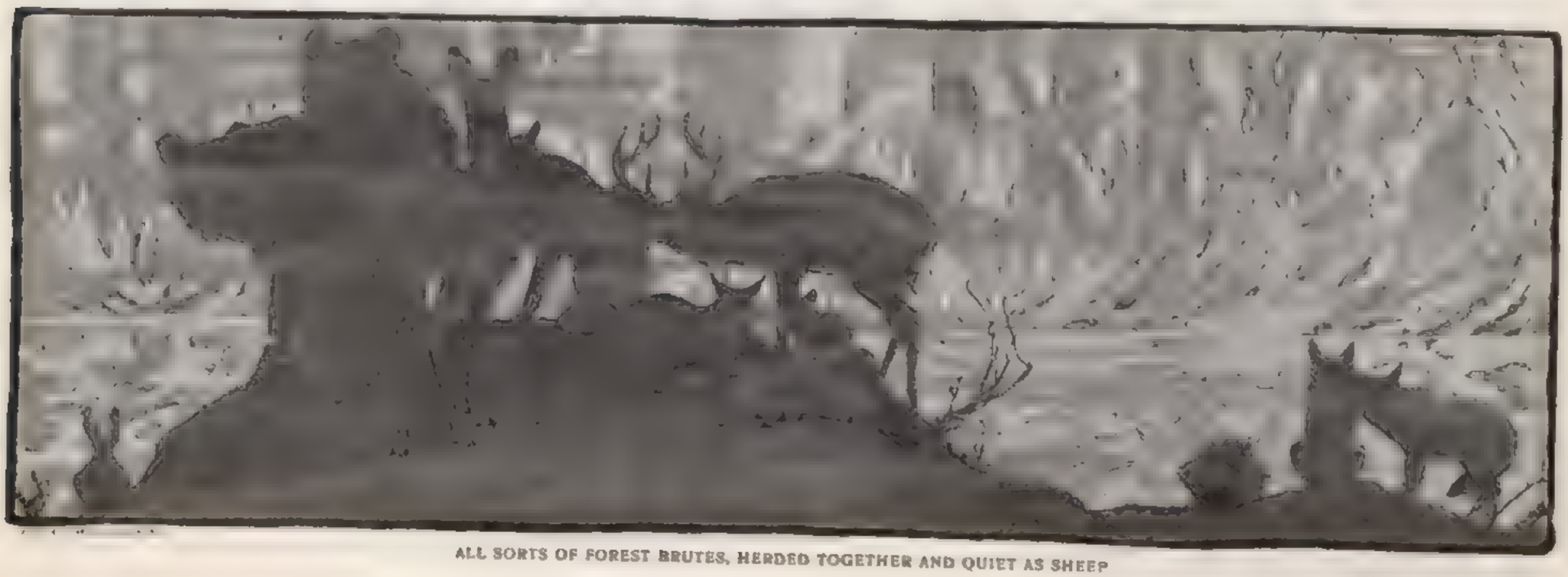
"I looked at him not more'n half understanding, and then I says: 'Where's Gray Jack?' and I waved my hand behind me.

"Along the shore far as we could see was just one roaring, jumping wall of flame; the trees fell into the lake, sending up clouds of steam; the torches and burning bark flew over us even where we were; the smoke made the sky as black as a coal and settled so we could not breathe away from the water.

"We stayed on the island that day and that night and swum to land next morning after daybreak. All of the animals was still on the islands, looking toward the land, but not moving. They was like a long Zoo. We took a big drink from the lake and walked thirty miles over hot ashes without a drop of water. Then we struck the settlement and I was in bed for two weeks. I had fever and waked up in the night nearly dead with the fear

"Nobody ever heard a word of Little Pete; the hound, if he lived, went wild, I guess. Some landlookers next summer, though, were in between our old camp and Mallard Lake and they come on the bones of a man. Near by was the barrel of a rifle. There was a round hole in the skull, so he went crazy from the fear"

Editor's Note—This is the second of The Chronicles of Rem. The next will appear in an early number.



ALL SORTS OF FOREST BRUTES, HERDED TOGETHER AND QUIET AS SHEEP

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Money talks but it doesn't gossip.

¶ A jack of all trades is a jack, all right.

¶ Happiness seldom comes over the stock ticker.

¶ There are more wife-made men than self-made men.

¶ The summer girl does not plead previous engagements

¶ There will always be boodling in cities so long as boodlers are elected to office

¶ Great men had good mothers, but if all good mothers had great sons there would be a surplus.

¶ Man is the delightful logician who places woman on a pedestal and then affects to look down on her.

Red Names for Red Men

SOME of the Indian chiefs and headmen whose boys and girls have been sent to Carlisle and other schools to be educated have just made a strong protest against any change in the names of their children. They say that it is the Indian custom to give to a child at birth a name with some family or spiritual significance, but that those forced on them on entering the schools have to an Indian no meaning whatever.

The protest is popularly regarded as absurd and fantastic. the average American usually takes the red man's ideas as a huge joke. But isn't there a basis of sound common-sense in this one idea?

The name which is given a boy when he comes into the world, by the time that he has carried it for a dozen or fifteen years, has become as much a part of him as his head or his hand; it is his property; it is he. What right have we to take it from him?

We don't stop the thousands of Podavitches and Maritskas who are crowding into Castle Garden every day to dub them Jim and Nancy. Why should not the red-skinned American boy keep his name as well as the foreign Hun or Pole?

Or, for that matter, why is one name preferable to another? Is there any more civilization or righteousness dormant in "Bill" and "Bob" than in the sonorous titles of the Omaha and Navajo?

A great Indian chief, the last of the Mohicans, was known as Uncas. The whites dubbed him Job Smith, and he sleeps now under a stone with that name upon it in the old Moravian graveyard at Bethlehem. What was gained by that christening?

The whole difficulty grows out of a curious belief cherished by every English-speaking man. It is that to be a civilized human being or a Christian you must not only believe but dress, speak and eat your dinner as he does.

The White Brothers going out to convert a heathen meet him as near to his own standing ground in life as they can. They adopt his language, his clothes, his customs. These, they hold, are only outside, unimportant matters. They seek to influence his soul and his principles of action.

We may not believe in their church nor its doctrines, but there is no doubt that they are the most successful missionaries in the world.

Bishop Coleridge Pattison, one of the foremost of modern Christian apostles, adopted these methods. He did not even urge civilized clothes upon his convert, provided his soul kept near to God.

"The South Sea Islander," he once said, "may sometimes be a cannibal, but he is always a gentleman; though, when he puts on English clothes," he slyly added, "he looks like a gent!"

Our ordinary method with the savage is to make him learn English whether he learns Christ or not

What to Do With Your Vacation

BEFORE starting on vacation it will do no harm to ask yourself, How long did the good that last year's vacation did me outlive the brown of the tan on my skin?

A man goes off to recuperate. He returns looking well and feeling as well as he looks. The next thing you hear of him he's ailing or bedfast. And when you say, "Too much vacation?" he replies: "Oh, no—not at all. If I could live that life the year round I'd never be sick. It was the return to unhealthful conditions that knocked me out."

It may be so. But—the country sun is a great deceiver and the country air is a sly stimulant. Together they may have conspired to stave off the consequences of the fried food you loaded yourself down with three times a day and the water you drank from an impure well or spring. If you had stayed in the country two months instead of two weeks, you might have found the unscrupulous pair out, and they wouldn't have been able to stuff the blame to the "unhealthful conditions" of your working-place.

One way to defeat this precious pair is by being careful what you eat and drink on vacation. But that's a hard way, and the person who advised taking it would be thanked mighty surlily for his officiousness.

Prosperity that Kills

IN THE front rank of diseases that prey upon the human animal is a disease which we beg to "indicate," as the doctors say, under the name of Premature Prosperity.

Its ravening germs lurk in the gold or silver spoon wherewith some children's mouths are adorned when they are born. It fastens upon the precocious infant and often has him beyond all medicine before he has graduated from the high school. It sends its germs by the million to our colleges and to other places where our myriad promising youth are serving apprenticeship, and it has the promise eaten full of holes and curling at the edges before the first vote is cast. Such as escape it then it by no means despairs of. It swarms in early business and professional successes; it is malignant in large offers of salary or preferment in the twenties and early thirties. It has had some of the greatest triumphs in the forties when the arrogance of youth is battling with the cooler judgment of maturity. It seized upon Napoleon at Friedland and ten years later laid him low. It attached itself to Cæsar at Pharsalia and did for him in four years.

Let the youth who are unsheathing at this season in such numbers think on this dread disease, note its ravages, and beware.

The Talent in the Napkin

"AMERICA," said a visiting foreigner, "is a land where the men are sacrificed to the women and the men and the women to the children."

There is truth in this criticism, if criticism it was. No doubt "papa" manages to have a pretty good time withal; and as for "mamma," she is not miserable every moment that she is escorting the children about to places where they can enjoy themselves. But the fierce days of our pioneer ancestors have put their stamp upon us. Then everything was of necessity for the future—what was then in the present beside hardship but hope? And so we have the hereditary habit of sacrificing the present to the future.

Like every other habit, this in excess is a vice. And is there not, with many of us, too little recognition of the rights of the present? Do we not forget that each individual is here as the custodian of certain talents, certain potentialities, and that he or she can best serve others not by wrapping them in a napkin and burying them and permitting himself or herself to wink out as an individuality, but by bringing them to their full development?

This does not mean that papa ought to have a larger part of his earnings for drinks and cigars. Nor does it mean that mamma ought to spend more money in finery and more time in gadding and gossiping. It means that each owes it to future generations as well as to himself to develop his own intelligence and character. The best possible gift parents can give their children is the example and the memory of them as intelligent, independent, life-enjoying persons skilled in that high and rare art, the art of living. What could be worse for children than to see and to remember a father who was a mere breadwinner, a mother who was a mere household drudge?

Cleveland and the Fire-Eaters

WHAT is the cause of this extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm for Mr. Cleveland after a long period in which he was, to put it mildly, neglected?

It is deeper than party, deeper than politics. It is an indication of a reawakening of the people to admiration for the old-fashioned American characteristics which even most of his enemies concede that he embodies to an unusual degree. These United States are not inhabited, as so many of our public men have latterly shown themselves to believe, by a flamboyant, fire-eating, ostentatious, show-crazy and extravagant people. On the contrary, the mass of Americans are sober and sturdy, strong but peaceful and quiet, and they love peace and quiet and plainness. And they admire those qualities in a public man, and they find them in the retired statesman of Princeton and Buzzard's Bay.

Whether or no the "resurrection of Grover" has any political significance, its moral significance cannot be underestimated, especially by candidates for the Presidency

The Geese and the Guinea-Pigs

A LONG list of the companies in which he is a director is a never-missing part of the biographical sketch of any man conspicuous in commerce and finance. It is not strange that a man of millions should have to scatter his investments and should insist upon having a directing say in the management of a property he is interested in. Nor is it strange that a company, wishing to appeal to that ever-widening body, the investing public, should seek the support his name is sure to give. But is it not strange that a man of hard-earned and high commercial reputation should be willing to lend his name to so many enterprises of which he knows nothing but what others tell him?

No man could possibly be a true director in twenty, thirty, forty large corporations. He believes that each is sound and well managed, and he invests his money on that belief. But if his investment were his whole fortune or any considerable part of it, would he be willing to put it into any one of those on his list of companies which he never really investigates from year's end to year's end? Yet, by giving his name to the directory he tempts scores of people to invest their all; they think that he is an actual director. Furthermore, in many of these companies he has, to him, but a trifling sum invested.

Among the many words which modern conditions have made it necessary to re-define, the word director stands not far from the head of the list. The old definition makes no mention either of the directors who don't direct at all or of the directors who plot to direct everything into their own pockets.

Every Man His Own Doctor

AT A CONVENTION of doctors in Washington, recently, the chairman said that there were too many doctors, too many schools for doctors, too much doctoring.

Just the reverse is the truth, if the matter be looked at a little more broadly. Every man should be a doctor; every school should be first of all a school of medicine; every one should be doctoring all the time.

But—Doctor should not mean a person engaged in putting unsightly patches upon the human machine; a school of medicine should not mean a place where common-sense is smothered in useless and even dangerous accumulations of more or less inaccurate observations on the surface symptoms of disease and on the methods of making those surface symptoms disappear; doctoring should not mean dosing with drugs that leave weakness and woe behind them in a dismal trail on their way to give disease a battle that, with its violence, shakes the very foundations of health.

If from earliest childhood we were taught and were got into the habit of practicing the only certain truths of medicine—that disease cannot fasten upon the body that is well aired, well carried, well fed with real food taken slowly and in moderation, well treated in the matter of regularity—if this millennium should arrive, such of the doctors as did not turn surgeons would seek employment as experts upon sanitation.

Disease is not a cause. It is an effect. Its best, its only true, doctor is Doctor Prevention.

The more savage the penalties of ignorance, the faster the spread of intelligence. The multiplication of bad professional doctors, shaking as it does blind public confidence in cures and professional curers, is not a cloud without traces of silver lining.

BUCKING THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY

Told by Captain John J. Healy

Written by Forrest Crissey

THE term "Free Trader" has an easy, go-as-you please swing; but in the old pioneer days of the sixties and earlier it carried a meaning that can hardly be understood in these peaceful times. It meant war—and war to the knife! The man who started out to buck any of the big trading companies went against the stiffest kind of warfare that was to be found in the whole wilderness

The stories of the men who went down would furnish the darkest page in all the pioneer history of the Northwest. Of course, all this has changed; but there are some experiences in the fights waged by "free" trappers and traders that stick in the memory of the men who went through them. I confess that, for one, I haven't forgotten the struggles of this sort, and I believe they should be given a place in the history of the old trading days. One of the toughest trips I ever made was in bucking the Hudson Bay Company, for it amounted to that before I wound up the experience

That was in 1863, and I was then only twenty-three years old and had plenty to learn. Like all the traders and trappers in the Northwest States I listened to the tales of gold brought down by the Indians from the Dominion, and they tickled my ears. However, I was not the only white man whose head was turned by these rumors of how the Indians traded a gun barrel full of gold dust for a gun barrel full of powder. So I determined to cross the line and look for gold in the Fort Edmonton country.

Luck seemed to be on my side at the outset of the undertaking. There was no excitement on the trip north, and when I struck the district where I intended to prospect I stumbled on Brazos and Flet, two good men I had known on the Missouri. They were from Carondelet, the French settlement just below St. Louis. Brazos had been with the American Fur Company, but the Hudson Bay folks had induced him to bring his trade over to them about thirteen years before. Brazos gave me the best he had, and also told me the things I wished to know about the country

If you send any of your men up here," said he, "have them bring what they'll need in the way of food." That was as straight a hint as any one would need from the trader of a Hudson Bay post! But I thought I could make a rich strike in gold, and so I made my plans to go back and send up some of the men who were sure to be with me in any venture I should tackle.

"I'll not cross that hostile Blackfoot country," I told Brazos, "without rigging up to stand off the stiffest kind of an attack, and I'll come in condition to stick it out."

Then I started back to Fort Benton with a young half-breed Blackfoot as my only companion. He couldn't speak a word of English and I was about as helpless when it came to talking French. But he was keen as a knife, and we were both well up in the sign language. It was hard work to understand each other the first day or two out, but we were forced, by sheer necessity, to make rapid progress in that particular.

We each took two horses, so that we could always have a fresh animal and could push ahead at a lively swing, taking good care to keep away from the mountains. We couldn't dodge the rivers, however, and they were the coldest streams, it seemed to me, that I ever swam

The first morning out, Piscan, or Buffalo Pound—as the half-breed was called—gave me evidence of his shrewdness. We had slept under the cover of some brush, and I started to crawl out to where the horses were without putting on my hat. Instantly, however, he picked it up and clapped it on my head. Then, by signs and words together, he explained that there were many Indians who would not kill a white man, but would shoot at sight an Indian of any tribe with which they were at war. To be seen bareheaded was to stand as an Indian, while a hat was always supposed to cover a white man. While Piscan was careful that I should not be caught with my hat off, he also took good care to have his own always on his head!

By screwing our vigilance up to the highest pitch and resorting to every precaution known to a mountaineer, we managed to slip through the fingers of the Blackfeet and reach St. Mary's River without mishap. After a hard ride of fifty miles we crossed St. Mary's River, near the lake. We changed horses frequently, and when they began to get fagged I would run behind, holding to the tail of the last one. Suddenly, after we had struck camp, the half breed gave a grunt of surprise, pointed away across the river and exclaimed

"We are going to be rubbed out!" Sure enough! There were six warriors, mounted in fine shape and coming for us at a clip that fairly tore up the ground

"They are Kootenays," explained Piscan, "and I am a Blackfoot half-breed. They are at war with the Blackfeet and will surely kill me. You may get away with your hair"

"Don't get scared," I answered; "they'll not kill you while I'm alive, and we can make away with six of them all right." While saying this I figured out just what I would do if they showed fight. The half-breed had a double-barreled shotgun which would take care of two Kootenays, my rifle was good for another, and I was willing to take chances on wiping out the other three with my six-shooter. Before the band reached the river I heard a voice right behind us and a big buck leaped from his horse and shook hands with us. Then the others rode through the water with a rush. As they came up the bank I dropped to the ground, my hip on the stock of my rifle, and my right hand hold of my six-shooter, concealed under my coat. Piscan gave up at the start and made no preparation whatever for a fight.

NO BOAT CAME

Indeed we were providentially saved from coming to a fight. The chief of the band seemed more anxious to take the measure of the white man's cunning than of his scalp. Particularly did he show himself covetous of my favorite mare, and, after first trying to prove his ownership, commanded us to his teepee, in the hope, no doubt, of frightening or jockeying me out of my goods in some sharp deal. An Indian's teepee is as sacred to the rights of hospitality as an Arab's tent, and once in the shelter of the chief's protection we knew ourselves safe for the moment. It became a matter of some courage, however, at the end of our negotiations—throughout which I firmly insisted on every inch of my rights—to make the first step toward departure. I confidently expected that the long-deferred trouble would break the instant we attempted to saddle our horses.

Not a warrior stirred, however, and we were allowed to take our departure in peace. The outcome of the affair was certainly far different from what it promised to be when the Kootenay warriors were first sighted and came down upon us like a whirlwind; and I couldn't help thinking of this feature as we took the trail with our hair still safe on our heads. Shortly before sundown we suddenly stumbled upon another camp of four or five lodges. A glance showed me these were also Kootenays. The instant we were sighted the whole band came rushing out to meet us. They were apparently delighted to see us and made our welcome as friendly as they could by means of a mixture of broken English and French and a good command of the sign language. By words and gestures they sai

"Stay with us; the sun is low and you cannot travel far. We have just come from the mountains to hunt the buffalo." Somehow, I had an immediate confidence in this band, so we took off the elk meat and carried it into the lodge. When all our things were brought within the teepee a lot of bucks, several squaws and a horde of half-naked children gathered about us. Among the latter was the handsomest little Indian girl I have ever seen. In her hands was a small duck, uncooked and only partially skinned. Hiding behind her mother she set her white teeth into the raw flesh of the bird and began to eat it ravenously.

"What does this mean?" I asked Piscan. "These people must be almost starving. I never before saw a sight like that—never

"Yes, they are very hungry," answered the half-breed, "but this is Sunday and they will not hunt on the Sabbath, as they are good Catholics. They will starve before they will get out and hunt on Sunday."

Just then I heard a small bell sounding vespers. In one second all the Indians in the camp dropped to their knees and began praying and blessing each other.

I can never tell how that sight impressed me. I hung my head, and hung it low, too. Here were a lot of savages, out in the country of their enemies, hungry

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almost to starvation, but voluntarily denying themselves food because of their religious scruples! They were going through the holy ceremony, while I, who had been raised in the faith and brought up in civilization, did not even know that the day was the Sabbath. It was the most cutting rebuke I ever received.

As soon as prayers were concluded I called the people to the lodge and gave them the elk meat and told them we should have a grand feast. The rejoicing with which this news was received was the best kind of thanks.

In the morning, when I sent Piscan for the horses, the head man of the band came to me and said: "I am the white man's friend. You have a long journey and the country is bad. I will not let you go alone. I will go with you." This show of genuine friendship touched me, as the warrior had nothing to gain by it, and would have to make the return trip alone, at the peril of his life every rod of the way.

While swinging along down the valley of the Teton the Kootenay suddenly pulled his horse to a halt, leaped to the ground, dropped to his knees, gave one glance at the earth before him, and then began to count his beads and mutter his prayers as if he were going to be killed the next minute. The sweat actually stood out on his forehead in great drops.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, we are gone! A big party of Blackfeet is on us and we will be rubbed out."

"But I don't see any Indians," I replied.

"Here is their trail!" he exclaimed. "Our horses are tired and we cannot get away from them. They will rub us out and I shall not see my people again."

The half-breed was as badly scared as the Kootenay, and I tried to cheer them up by saying: "I've never been caught yet, and I'm not going to be now. Keep cool and we'll make the fort all right yet."

Leaping on their animals they plied the whips and started straight across the prairie, yelling to me to keep up. I knew their jaded horses could not stand such a pace, and so I took my time at an even, swinging gait. They were soon out of sight, but at nightfall I overtook them. The half-breed's horse was completely run out. Knowing that the Blackfeet would make short work of him if they overtook him—for he was considered as a sort of renegade from the tribe—I let him take my horse. For a little while we kept together and then I lost them. It was a wild, rough ride, and I couldn't help feeling that the chances were slim that we should all reach the fort.

After separating from them I stuck to the river and made my way as fast as I could under the circumstances. But I had to keep my eyes and ears on the strain to catch the slightest sign of danger. My food had given out and my pack animals were a constant drag. Although, just after dawn, I came across an antelope, I did not dare shoot for fear of attracting some prowling Blackfoot, but had to content myself with thinking what I should eat when I reached the fort.

Just after nightfall, as I was approaching Fort Benton, I heard the voice of Piscan. He and the Kootenay came out of their hiding and told me that they believed the fort was full of Blackfeet. Here was a fine mess! It looked as if our hot ride had gone for nothing. Still, there was a bare chance left to smuggle my friends inside and secrete them until the Blackfeet were gone.

A few thumps on the gate brought the guard who called out: "Who's there?"

"White man—Healy," I answered.

"Any one else?"

"Yes; a half-breed and a Kootenay. You sneak them into a room by the back way and I'll make it good. They're my friends, and those Blackfeet must not see them."

"Wait a minute," came the answer.

Inside there was a terrific pow wow—singing, dancing, hooting and howling. And every yell made my friends shake and tremble with fear. Finally the guard spoke again:

"Come in quietly and follow me."

Then the gates of the fort swung open, our horses were taken in charge, and we crept softly to one of the rooms set aside for travelers. We closed the shutters and made them fast after ordering the best layout of food that the fort could afford. I thought I had seen Indians eat before, but Piscan and the Kootenay certainly broke the record that night and gorged themselves as if they never expected to get another mouthful. About noon the next day the Blackfeet cleared out and we were released from our prison. I never learned whether my Kootenay friend got back to his people in safety, but I suppose he did.

My father in law came to the fort and we determined to make up a party to go into the gold country I had left. Several good men joined us, and we built one of the strongest and biggest carts I have ever seen. Our harness had chains for tugs, and was made to stand the heaviest possible usage. We loaded it heavily with flour and other provisions, and the boys started out, with Piscan for guide. We were preparing for a long campaign, and had plenty of money to push the venture through. It was decided that I was to go back to civilization and get a lot of copper sheets rolled to save gold on, and was to join the boys the next season. When I finally returned to St. Paul with 2000 pounds of copper plate I found a letter which had been brought down from the Fort Edmonton country by Father Lacomb, a priest. It said: "Don't come back here. They are starving us out." Later, the men themselves came out and told me their story.

Just as soon as the boys struck the Hudson Bay post they slipped some gold out of their belts and went into the trading room to buy some things they needed. Their money was pushed back to them and they were told that they couldn't buy anything from the company. That meant they were suspected of being in the country for the purpose of trading instead of prospecting, and that war had been declared on them. A consultation was held and it was decided that the best course was to submit quietly to the hardships imposed by the company and try to convince the factor in charge that he was mistaken and that they had no intention to trade. They had seen too many men crushed out by the power of this great organization to act rashly in stirring up its animosity.

All their arguments and friendly talk were sneered at, and they were told that if they cared to chop wood for the company they would be given two pounds of pemmican for each cord cut. In other words, they might starve or accept this condition. It took mighty good self-control for high-spirited men to hold themselves in and swallow such an insult. However, they went at it with a determination to make the best of their situation until spring. But the work was hard, the weather terribly severe, and their food wholly insufficient. One after another of the party fell ill, and finally most of them became so weak they could hardly stand.

Time and again they appealed to the factor and begged him, in the name of common humanity, to sell them meat, coffee, tobacco and other necessaries for their sick. But these appeals were turned down in the most high-handed way. One day, however, when things looked their worst, the Scotch blood of Harley McEwen, who had been a partner of mine at Florence, Idaho, took fire. He looked the situation squarely in the face. There they were, sick and starving, when they had thousands of dollars in gold and were willing to pay any price for provisions. The company had plenty of food and everything else to sell to dirty Indians, but not a mouthful of anything for these good, honest white men! And they were obliged to work as slaves for a meagre amount of pemmican.

The outlook didn't please McEwen, and the more he thought it over the madder he became. When he could stand it no longer he snatched up his rifle, walked out to the company's field or yard, and shot down a big fat ox; then he cut its throat, dressed it, and took some of the choicest cuts in to the boys who were sick and starving. Before he had finished his job about fifty men who were quartered at the fort gathered about and took in the sight. They were in the employ of the company, and, of course, some of them carried the news to the factor in charge. The factor was king and his word was law—until he was in the company of a superior. Then he became a courtier!

In a few minutes word came that McEwen was to be brought into the presence of the factor.

"McEwen," said he, "I'm told you have been killing our cattle. What have you got to say for yourself?"

That struck Scotch fire in a second. His eyes blazed as he answered:

"You're right, sir; I did kill one of your cattle, and I meant to kill it, too. We have plenty of money but you will not sell us food; we have worked like slaves and tried to get along with you on your own terms, but you have still refused to treat us like men."

"You have come here under false pretenses," interrupted the factor. "Trade, and not prospecting, is what you are after. We don't want you here!"

"Oh, we know you don't!" answered McEwen; "but I tell you we are not trying

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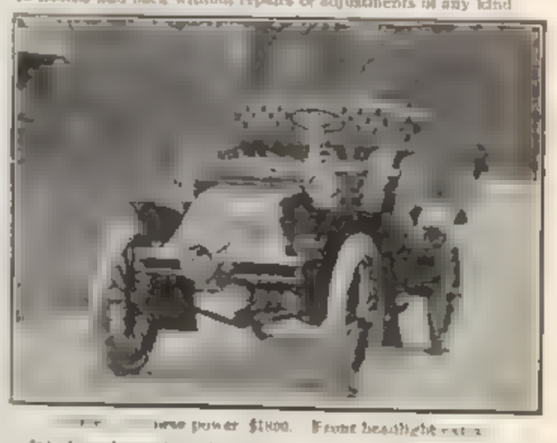

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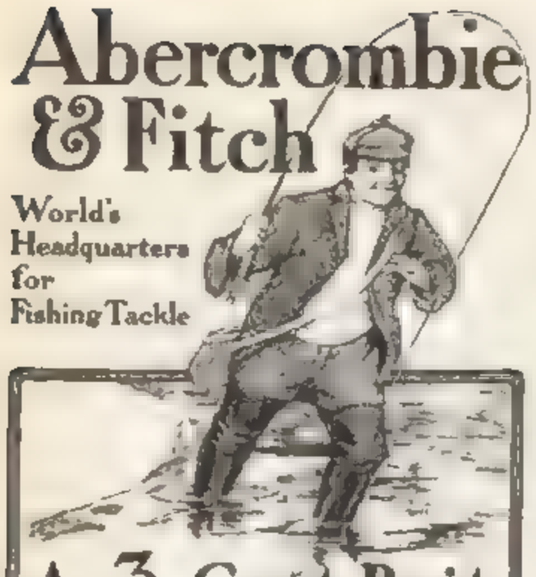

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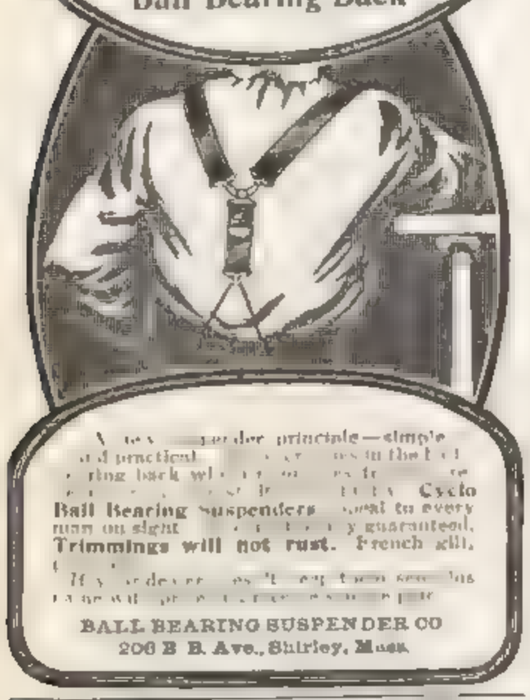

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to set up any competition to your company Gold is all we're looking for, and we have nothing to do with any scheme to start competition against you."

"We don't want you around in this country," repeated the factor.

"Look here!" exclaimed the young Scotchman, raising the rifle he held in his hands "Our boys are starving. I killed your ox for them, and by Heavens, I'll kill you, too' '

"Don't!" yelled the factor. "You can have anything—anything!" That old coward was white as the snow outside the fort, and I guess if he hadn't come to terms McEwen would have sent him after his ox. But of course there were enough company men at the fort to have cleaned the boys out entirely if the order had been given. But it wasn't, however. Instead, the traders were told to sell the men from the States anything they asked for and on the regular terms. Of course when things broke up in the spring the boys pulled out for Montana

This affair put me on fire and I vowed that the minute I got $10,000 ahead I would go up into that country and make them abandon their fort if it was the last act of my life. From that time I lived and worked with that one object in view. Four years later I had made my pile and started in to put my plans through. There had been plenty of time for thought in the years I had been trading and prospecting and fighting for this end, and I had every move figured out to the letter. I had learned considerable more about Indians, too, and had gained their confidence and knew how to handle them

In a quiet way I went among them, and before the company folks at the fort woke up to what was on foot I had every pound of meat in that whole country bought up What we couldn't use ourselves we put to good purpose, and made great feasts for the Indians. When I knew that certain bands would either eat the meat or carry it out of the country, I loaded them down with it But even this couldn't dispose of all that was bought, and the remainder was put down in the river to destroy it. As a result, the old King" at the company fort had plenty of chance to remember how he had starved our boys. He stood the siege for a while and then the whole outfit sneaked back to another post and completely abandoned a fort that had cost them $30,000 (Mountain House) Well, it was war from that time forward! However, I had gained the entire trade of that whole region, and I held it until I was doing a good business and had a post that cost me $15,000.

Suddenly, one day, a cavalry force swooped down upon me. I welcomed the major and introduced myself. He was a tall fellow, and stood head and shoulders above me

"What!" he exclaimed. "Are you the terrible man they have been telling me about? I thought you were bigger than a grizzly, carried more guns than a pirate, and had six hundred men and two or three batteries of cannon. That's what you have been pictured to the authorities!" Then he laughed until he was sore. The company had reported that I had captured two batteries from the United States and kept a regiment of five hundred men with which to intimidate the whole region. He had been sent out with a force large enough to do battle against a good big military fort. Well, instead of driving us out of the country the major became my best friend, and was annoyed at the absurd reports which had been circulated by the enemy I had routed. The next move of my enemies was to inform the Canadian Government that I had taken a steamboat load of rifles up into that country and was arming the Blackfeet. This complaint had been reported to our Government at Washington and General Lewis was sent to investigate. In short order I showed him that I bought a dozen rifles a year from "Tom" Powers, and that that was all. Well, that game didn't work. I stayed in the country from which I had driven the company until I was ready to leave of my own accord!

It isn't to be supposed that the Hudson Bay Company was the only offender. The same spirit of crushing and killing was in every one of them. When a man offended the company in power, his best course was to get out of the country and stay out. A favorite method followed by the big trading companies of the old days was that of sending a marked man, one who had given them offense, to some remote post and then cutting off his supplies. There were scores of these terrible tragedies. Take the case of Alexander C. de Bompard. He was one of the best traders his company had in California He risked his life hundreds of times to swell the profits of the shareholders and served them as loyally and devotedly as if he owned the whole corporation

One day some starving men came into his post. They had been lost in the mountains and were on their last legs. He asked them no questions, although he suspected they belonged to an opposition company or were free traders. All the supplies needed to save their lives were sold to them; they were given shelter and nursed back to life. Well there was some spy at his post who furnished the company with information that Bompard had given food and shelter to men of the opposition and had saved their lives instead of allowing them to perish. When the dispatches came from headquarters at the opening of the next season he received orders to go to the most extreme and remote post in the whole service—a place where only tobacco, powder, shot, cotton shirts and things of that kind were traded for fox and marten skins. No meats were received for barter and the men at the post were supposed to live off the country for the main part—principally from fish and fowl. But, of course, life could not be sustained wholly from this source, and some amount of provisions, together with guns, ammunition and other supplies, were essential to keep the poor fellows alive. It took two years for an expedition, starting from the main depot of supplies, to reach this post. One expedition was dispatched each year and spent the winter at a post midway on the long journey

Imagine what the annual arrival of the boats means to these miserable exiles! It brings them assurance that there is really a world beyond the awful prison of snows—a world where white men live! Then, greatest of all possibilities, there is the hope that the voyagers may bring orders calling them back to life. How poor Bompard did long for release from the living death to which he had been banished! He waited the arrival of the men with this one thing in mind.

At last the boats came, but they were light and without supplies for the post—only enough for the men themselves. The man in command of the expedition explained that the company wished to get the furs from that region into the market that year and had therefore sent the light boats ahead to get the furs. Those loaded with provisions were behind and would arrive before the season was over, in time to put the post in shape for the next winter. Week after week and month after month those men waited, but no boat came. None had been sent. The post had been struck off the supply list. This was Bompard's punishment for having given aid and shelter to an enemy. The winter came on early and in terrible severity. All the horrors of starvation were endured. One after another went down under the siege

Finally Bompard, half crazed, and preferring to face death in the open, with a remote possibility of escape, rather than give up where he was, started out across that country Of course he realized that he must keep clear of the company's posts, for there he would receive the fate of a deserter. He cast his whole hope on the friendship of the Indians That trip of a starving man across eight hundred miles of barren wilderness, in the dead of an Arctic winter, was a miracle of endurance. He lived by his rifle, shooting the heads off ptarmigan or grouse. When he reached a place of safety he was more dead than alive.

That awful experience simply broke his heart. He could not speak of it—and would not! But his daughter was a neighbor of mine in Montana and told me of his terrible sufferings. He never got out from under the cloud that his starvation trip had put upon him. It haunted him the rest of his life. Bompard was a good man and a splendid mountaineer

Then there was Harvey. He knew too much to suit the American company and left it. One night he tied up to the bank of the river, and his men went to sleep on the shore, leaving him in the boat. Next morning they found him with a big hole knocked in his skull with a tomahawk. He had been left for dead—but it took something more than that to snuff out Harvey! That man was a wonder. The men who supported him sent him to New York and had him operated upon. When he came back the men of the opposition—the old company he had been with—kept mighty clear of him

In these days we hear much talk about 'grinding and "oppression" in business, but we must go back to the old trading days to know the meaning of that expression. And for one I am thankful that all that kind of thing is long past and gone, although the new way claims more victims, as the actors are protected by law.

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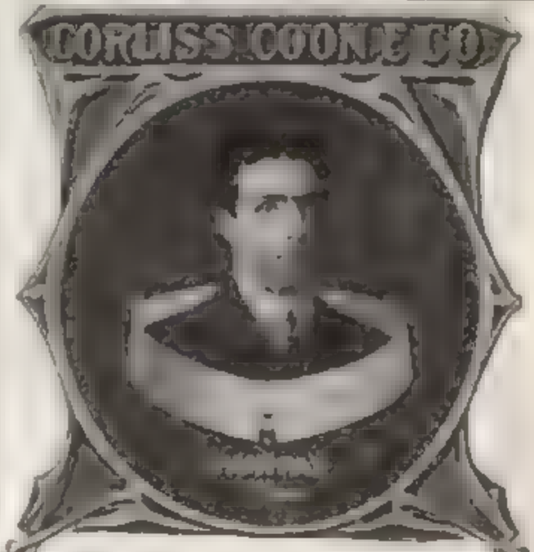

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Insect Friends and Foes—By Harold Bolce

EFFORTS will be made to induce Congress at its next session to appropriate a suitable sum for the employ of additional entomologists. Current discoveries are showing that a knowledge of insect life is of the utmost value to mankind

To develop a new phase of the mosquito and yellow fever problem tests have just been completed that give assurance that the scourge of that malady can never again decimate population in any country, if the method of prevention disclosed by these experiments be adopted.

Scientists in South America advertised a few months ago for a number of young men, some of them to submit to inoculation by mosquitoes that had fed on yellow fever bacilli, the others to live for a season in unfumigated rooms in which yellow fever patients had died. Several applicants presented themselves for the ordeal in the interests of science. Those that submitted to the mosquito tests were bitten by certain varieties of this insect, the purpose being not to determine that these creatures carry the disease (for that had already been established), but to see if under proper conditions a mild form of yellow fever could not be conveyed, which would not be dangerous, and the influence of which would convert the convalescent into an immune. The experiments absolutely established the theory. A type of fever, which compares with yellow fever just as varioloid compares with smallpox, was developed in the patients, all of whom speedily recovered and were found to be immune, subsequent submission to fever-fed mosquitoes failing to produce even the slightest symptom of the malady

The other applicants who lived in rooms replete with fever bacilli, and who even slept on infected beds, were thoroughly protected from mosquitoes of any sort. These men developed no indication of the disease The scientists, therefore, are convinced that the disease is communicable only through the method of insect inoculation. Thus to protect soldiers or other men in tropical countries from the yellow fever, it will be necessary, physicians and entomologists say, simply to have the men bitten by mosquitoes under laboratory conditions. It is necessary that this be done scientifically, just as it is essential in vaccination that the proper vaccine be employed.

To rob the work of constructing the Panama Canal of much of the terrors of yellow fever, it is expected that the new system of prevention will be generally introduced there.

Eleven Million Species

A conservative estimate of the number of species of insects places them at no less than eleven million. Vast as the field is already, current explorations are almost daily adding bewildering numbers of new varieties to the classified lists. Entomologists find it necessary to confine their studies to one branch of the science

In the National Museum, Dr. William H. Ashmead, Assistant Curator and one of the foremost entomologists of modern times, has been for more than twenty-eight years engaged in a special study of chalcid flies, an insect whose value to man cannot be overestimated. When introduced into regions dominated by insect pests, these chalcid flies devour by the million the eggs of caterpillars and similar destructive creatures. Many of these beneficent chalcids are microscopic in size, some of them being no bigger than the point of a pin. No match for noxious insects when once developed, they perform their economic service to the world by concentrating on insect eggs, and with benign instinct single out only those of harmful varieties.

To enable scientific workers to take advantage of the splendid part played by these almost invisible chalcids, Doctor Ashmead has been studying them for nearly thirty years. Watchmen in the Smithsonian Institution say that it is no uncommon thing to see the light in the laboratory, where he is at work, burning until two o'clock in the morning. As the result of his long years of study, Doctor Ashmead is about to publish, under the imprint of the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg, an exhaustive work, the first complete treatise on the subject the world has known, although this insect is the first one mentioned in secular history, Herodotus referring to its having been found on fig trees in Smyrna. Doctor Ashmead and Doctor Howard are pioneers in the discovery of the importance of this insignificant-looking creature. These scientists find that the chalcids are immensely valuable, saving thousands of dollars annually to cotton growers by devouring eggs of insect enemies of that crop. Recently, when the cotton caterpillar threatened crops in several States, the introduction of the chalcid parasite, *Trichogramma pretiosa*, resulted in the destruction of ninety-five per cent. of the eggs of its prey. An interesting thing about this group of insects is that they pass through an entire generation in eight days, spending only two days in the egg stage, three days in the larval stage and three days in the pupal. This rapidity of growth to maturity and effectiveness is unparalleled in natural history, and will make it possible on short notice for entomologists to propagate them for service in districts where crops are threatened.

The value of historical knowledge even in special pursuits is exemplified by the secret in the discovery of the use of the chalcid flies in fig culture. It was accepted that Smyrna figs were the best in the world, but the secret of this superiority remained a mystery The same variety tried in California failed to produce fruit of similar lusciousness. Doctors Howard and Ashmead began to investigate jointly. Knowing that Herodotus ages ago noticed this insect on Smyrna fig trees, the American scientists concluded that there was some relation between the presence of these diminutive flies and the superiority of the figs. Microscopic study showed that the chalcids are provided with a sawlike member. Introduced into California orchards it was discovered that with this infinitesimally small saw the chalcid cuts into the blossoming fig calyx and invigorates the budding fruit with pollen, the figs thus grown having a size and flavor far superior to the variety dependent upon ordinary conditions. Thus with the cooperation of flies, which the farmer cannot see as they perform their labors, the fig raisers of California are now being enabled to compete with the figs grown in ancient Smyrna.

Doctor Ashmead has labored incessantly to secure adequate appropriation for the carrying on of insect study at the National Museum. Recently he sought to induce Congress to purchase the Hermann Strecker collection. "What good are they?" was the objection of an influential statesman. "You can't eat insects, and you can't plant them."

From many quarters, however, comes recognition of the far-reaching economic value of the patient entomologists serving the United States Government. Eminent students from all parts of the world are now consulting the Washington authorities. Japan, particularly, is obtaining valuable information from this source, and applying it.

Thirty-five years ago Dr. C. G. De Dalla Torre, a learned German professor, began a work entitled Catalogus Hymenopterorum, on which until a few months ago he has ever since been steadily laboring. It has just been published in ten enormous volumes, every one of which is as big as a gazetteer of the world, and all deal with a single order of insects, the *Hymenoptera*. This great work, representing the lifetime of a famous naturalist, bears on the title page a dedication to Dr. Leland O. Howard and Dr. William Harris Ashmead, of Washington.

A Scientist Who Gets No Salary

Over $3,000,000 was appropriated during the recent session of Congress to put up a great new building for the National Museum, but in that governmental institution is a scientist, an eminent authority on several orders of insects, who works wholly without pay, there being no appropriation out of which he can receive a salary. He reports for duty every morning at eight o'clock and works until late in the evening. Holidays also find him at his desk or at work in his laboratory. In addition to general work as an entomologist he enjoys special recognition as an authority on *Lepidoptera*. The study

"AUNTIES"

They Belong to the Whole Neighborhood.

That dear old neighbor we knew as "Aunty" and who lived down the street was no relation, of course, except that her tender old heart made her "Aunty" to all the young people. And how she did love the young mothers! One who remembers her says: "We could always depend on 'Aunty' for good, sound advice. She was particularly well informed on food and what to use for certain troubles. After having taught in the public schools for years my health became bad and I suffered frequently from indigestion. After my marriage I had indigestion so badly it became chronic. Owing to my condition my little baby did not get proper nourishment and was a very delicate child. I had about decided to put her on artificial food altogether when the advice of dear old 'Aunty' put baby and I on the right road.

"She insisted upon my trying Grape-Nuts food, declaring that it would help me and give baby more nourishment, so to please her I did, trying it for breakfast. The result was so marked and so quick that I ate it for luncheon too, and I must say the change has been wonderful. I have good health now and baby is a strong, active child.

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The housekeeper who reads the little recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts is usually famous for her clever desserts.

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Some Things Worth Knowing About Typewriters

IT IS about twenty-five years since the first writing machine made its appearance. A rather crude affair compared with the machine of to-day, and yet demonstrating a principle that has never been improved upon; this principle provided for a type basket, around which "basket" were assembled the type bars, in the ends of which were the type. By depressing a key the type bar swung towards the printing point and gravitation returned it to its normal position This principle insures greater durability than can be secured in any other manner. This principle has to be sacrificed in all so-called light writing machines and by any that do not have the "type basket." The other basket type machines with the exception of the Fox Typewriter use this same construction to-day. It remained for "THE FOX" to bring out the improvements named below.

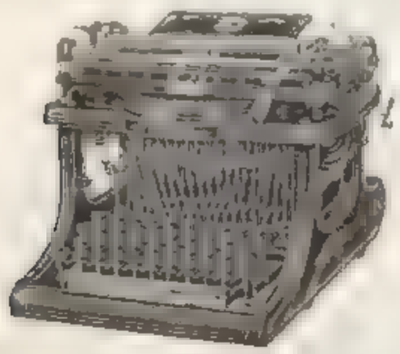
Type Bar and Hanger

In the Fox Typewriter the basket was enlarged, allowing the use of a wider hanger, with a pivot having perfectly ground cone bearings, and the hanger by means of a simple screw adjustment was made adjustable, so as to admit of taking up the wear on the bearing even after years of service, always insuring perfect alignment and making impossible the "type basket" wobble secured by the "type basket" with perfect alignment at all times. This was really the first noteworthy advance in typewriter building

Speed in typewriting is a great consideration, and yet an operator cannot be any faster than their machine. It used to be, and is yet, on all typewriters except "THE FOX," that if a machine was sent out with a regular escapement and was too slow for a fast operator, the escapement had to be changed by either a repairman or be sent to the factory. On the Fox Typewriter, by a very simple arrangement of the escapement dogs and by one motion of a small lever, the operator can instantly change the speed on the machine, from regular to reverse, and when set for "speed" the operator has not yet appeared who is fast enough to pile the letters. The Fox Typewriter will thus accommodate itself to any operator—an arrangement that is practically invaluable to an ambitious stenographer

Showing Escapement

We have mentioned two valuable improvements—there are many others equally as important to the user of typewriters, which are found on the Fox Typewriter and not on any other. This is the reason "THE FOX" is displacing other makes of typewriters so rapidly. A comparative test of different machines, point for point and side by side, can lead to but one conclusion for example, compare the $\frac{1}{16}$ in. key dip of the Fox with that of other makes, all $\frac{3}{16}$ to $\frac{5}{16}$; the 2 oz. key tension on the Fox with that as high as 6 to 8 oz. on others, the rolling motion of the platen, the convenient arrangement of the keyboard, the margin stops, the fine lock—all stand out on "THE FOX" in sharp contrast to the crude and antiquated methods employed in other machines.



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of insects is of great economic importance, inasmuch as nearly all of them are either of positive benefit to human interests or working industriously against the health or prosperity of mankind.

The work, therefore, of this scientist, Dr H. C. Dyar, who has studied the habits of millions of insects and classified them for the benefit of students, is of much value to the Government. Fortunately, he is a man of independent means. He is now getting ready to carry on field work for the United States Government in British Columbia. A part of that country abounds in mosquitoes of a peculiarly malignant type which Doctor Ashmead says have not been so thoroughly investigated as the current importance of mosquito study warrants. On this expedition Doctor Dyar will, as usual, defray his own expenses

An Example of Scientific Enthusiasm

An interesting example of scientific enthusiasm is presented in the case of Dr. C. L. Marlatt, Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, who recently traced to its original habitat in Northern China the destructive San José scale and discovered its natural enemy. Congress allowed him only $1000 for the trip. The investigations, requiring long journeys through Asiatic countries, involved a financial outlay of $5000. The difference Doctor Marlatt paid out of his own pocket. Yet he was engaged on a work that means a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the American horticultural interests, through the importation of the insect that wages successful warfare on the scale. "Doctor Marlatt had an idea, based upon scientific reasoning, that he could hunt down this alien and undesirable member of the family of *Coccidæ* to its native lair and there likewise discover its sworn foe," said an official interested in the subject. "The plan was proposed to Congress, and finally partial indorsement came in the form of an insufficient appropriation. But Doctor Marlatt was too much in earnest to put the trip aside, and so he spent his own money in carrying out his work Such is the spirit of our Government scientists

Current investigation of the habits of the white ant in the Philippines and elsewhere, with a view to checking the widespread ravages of that insect, calls attention to the great services rendered by one of the assistants in Doctor Howard's department in discovering the queen ant of this species, a marvelous creature that lays 80,000 eggs a day. This discovery was made by the late Dr. Henry G. Hubbard, a Yale man, and is one of the most striking facts in recent entomological research. For ages scientists had searched for the female of the white ant (*Termes flavipes*), or termites as they are generally called, the insect that builds immense clay citadels in many lands, from which colonies issue to work extensive damage upon buildings, libraries, the contents of warehouses and other valuables. The female or queen ant is now known to live in inaccessible chambers at great depth Year after year ant hills were demolished and the contiguous region excavated, but no one succeeded in discovering a queen Crafty instinct had prompted her to search out a hiding place inaccessible to enemies Entomologists throughout the world eagerly continued search for this exclusive and prolific queen. The discovery was to be Doctor Hubbard's

The Discovery of the Hidden Queen

In the midst of his fine scientific achievements he was unhappily stricken with consumption, and in search of health went to the arid regions of Arizona. He was accompanied by Professor E. A. Schwarz, his lifelong friend and fellow-entomologist. The journey was in vain. As Doctor Hubbard lay dying he saw near the door of his tent a cavalcade of soldier and worker ants making hurried trips to a certain point. As the workers and soldiers of this family (which though called ants are not really ants at all, but of the order of *Neuroptera* and allied to dragon and May flies) are totally blind, Doctor Hubbard knew that their straight and swift trips were controlled by some dominating exigency. Suspecting that the queen ant was in the vicinity, Doctor Hubbard made a desperate effort to locate her. Dragging himself from his couch, the expiring scientist dug feverishly at the point where the blind soldiers were entering the ground. His labors were rewarded. In a few moments Doctor Schwarz, who had gone to fetch

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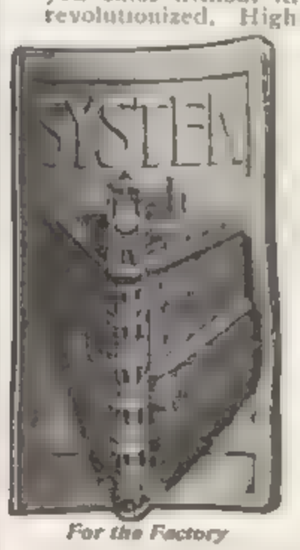

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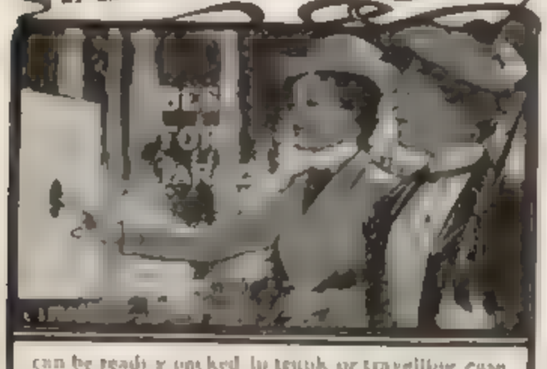

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water, returned, and the dying naturalist, feebly holding a queen many hundred times the normal size of the white ant, gasped

"See, Schwarz, at last, the queen of the *Termes flavipes*

It was his final message to the world "Enthusiasm like that, which not even the approach of death could subdue, is simply an illustration of the kind of service scientists are giving the Government," said the head of one of the departments at Washington

Doctor Howard says that if some accident had set Doctor Hubbard down in the midst of the Sahara, his whole thought would have been not how he might escape, but rather what exceptional fortune had thus placed him in a region whose fauna had not been fully studied

To the Army of Amateurs

Government entomologists are seeking to interest students in their science. Though nearly 1500 people in the United States and Canada are interested in insect study, the United States Government is singularly short of experts in all the various fields of research

The rapidly growing interest in insect study, however, reassures the entomologists in charge that recruits in this scientific work will be forthcoming. Doctor Howard states that in addition to professional entomologists, he knows an insurance agent, a commercial traveler, a hotel clerk, a minister of the gospel, a keeper of a beer saloon, a portrait painter, a hardware merchant, a stonecutter, an iron founder, a carpenter and builder, a wholesale wine merchant, a lawyer, a chemist, an undertaker, a librarian, an army officer, a navy officer, and any number of physicians and teachers, who are vitally interested in the collection and study of insects

The Government entomologists give much encouragement to students. Any one may send samples of insects to either the Agricultural Department or the National Museum and have them identified. Specimens are also loaned to students for microscopic study. In this way collectors throughout the world have been converted into enthusiastic correspondents of the Government bureaus, sending in thousands of rare specimens annually

Dr. Leland O. Howard, Chief Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, was asked if it were possible for any one to become proficient in entomology without beginning in early life. He replied that though it would seem to be necessary to begin in youth to cover so vast a field, it was nevertheless a fact that one of the best entomologists the world has known did not take up the science until he was nearly sixty. This was Dr Benjamin D Walsh, whose scientific career was [illegible]. In his early manhood he was interested in classical literature, and even published works on the Greek texts. That was [illegible]. Then he suddenly abandoned letters, came to America and settled down in Illinois as a farmer. He developed exceptional ability both as a farmer and as a business man. In his fifty-ninth year he said to his wife that he believed they had the money they needed, and that he had determined to retire from business. So he sold his farms and stock, and when he had wound up his affairs he had $100,000 in the bank.

A Novel Use for a Cork Leg

"What are you going to do now?" asked his wife

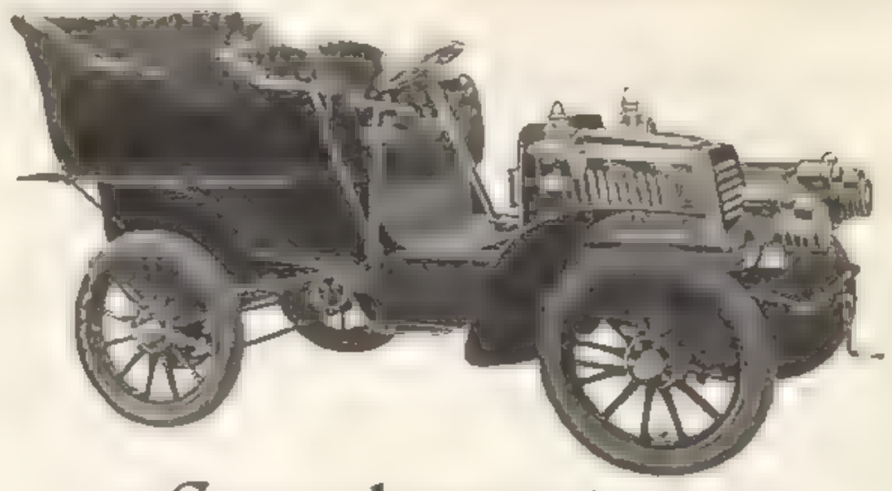
"I intend to spend the remainder of my life studying insects," he replied

His wife smiled and wondered if the conversion of his property into gold had not possibly affected her husband's mind

"I am serious," he added. "I am thoroughly interested. You may think it foolish to undertake the study of science at my age, but Cato was eighty when he began the study of Greek."

Vast as is the field of entomology, this aged student so mastered its infinite details that he became an international authority on the subject and his writings are treasured and consulted to-day as classical contributions to that domain of science

So absorbed was he in finding rare specimens that he got in the way of a train in Illinois, where he was State Entomologist, and was run over. While his leg was being amputated, from the shock of which he died, Doctor Walsh, replying to friends who sought to comfort him, said: "It's nothing; a cork leg will be of great convenience to me, for on it I can readily impale my specimens in the field"



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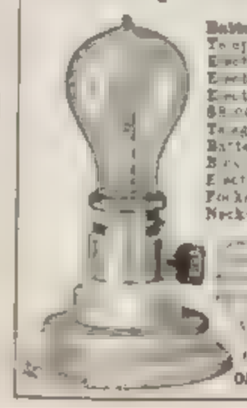

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The Wild Flower Society

SPECIAL efforts are being made this spring by The Wild Flower Preservation Society to convince the public, particularly that portion of it that enjoys country and suburban outings on Saturdays and Sundays, that unless immediate action be taken to protect the most interesting forms of plant life in America many of them are doomed to extermination

Inasmuch as only a few people, even though willing to refrain from gathering threatened species, are able to identify species of wild flowers, the new movement includes a project to post in certain localities, and under glass, colored drawings and dried specimens of plants that are vanishing With these guides will be displayed notices that the species thus exhibited are growing very scarce in that neighborhood and requesting that the public exercise moderation or even refrain altogether from gathering them Teachers in public schools are being urged to exhibit to their classes specimens of threatened flowers

In addition to this campaign of education Dr. Frederick V. Coville, United States Government botanist; Dr. Charles Louis Pollard, in charge of the plant exhibit at the United States National Museum; Dr. D. T. MacDougal, of the New York Botanical Garden, and other eminent botanists, including those connected with leading universities, are interested in a lecture bureau course throughout the country for the purpose of freely extending knowledge on the subject Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes and Miss Olivia Phelps Stokes, of New York City, are among the enthusiastic patrons of the movement

There is little, if any, economic significance in the undertaking. The preservation of wild flowers is purely æsthetic. The promoters of the project say that if they could convince the public that any particular plant had commercial value, that species would be irretrievably doomed. The crusade, which is gathering great momentum, is thus wholly sentimental

Nevertheless widespread interest is being aroused this spring Through the newspapers of Boston an appeal has been made to the public to refrain from purchasing the mayflower, which in former years has been sold in such abundance on the streets that it is threatened with extinction. To supply the Boston market the flowers of this species have been garnered from many neighboring States. Even the South has been invaded At one time this flower bloomed abundantly in the suburbs of New York City, where it is now practically unknown

Demand for ferns in Buffalo has almost exterminated two evergreen species in the vicinity of that city. At one time maiden hair fern was abundant on the Palisades between Fort Lee and Pleasant Valley From several other counties of New York State this fern has been exterminated by men who dig it for the market. The Legislature of Connecticut has found it necessary to protect the Hartford fern by law

On rocky hillsides in Bronx Park, New York, wild pinks manage still to bloom from Monday to Friday. On Saturday come the children who gather the tempting flowers wholesale, and the Sunday crowds complete the wide harvest. Every year these flowers are growing fewer and weaker. The rose colored wild azalea is also doomed, and the great bird's-foot violet, which a generation ago grew resplendently on many Connecticut hillsides, has become extremely rare in some localities in that State

The wild columbine, the sumach and holly, the fringed gentian, bluets, harebells and lobelias are among numerous other plants that are seriously menaced. From the vicinity of many cities the trailing arbutus has entirely disappeared

One of the plants which has suffered the most is the laurel, levied upon in summer for its gay blossoms and at the Christmas season for its tempting greenery. In the vicinity of many cities it has been all but exterminated. As a singular contrast to the ruthless methods in America the promoters of this plant protection movement cite the case of children in an English village who, when they dig a Christmas tree, carefully plant it in a tub. After serving its holiday purpose the tree is carefully carried back to the woods and replanted

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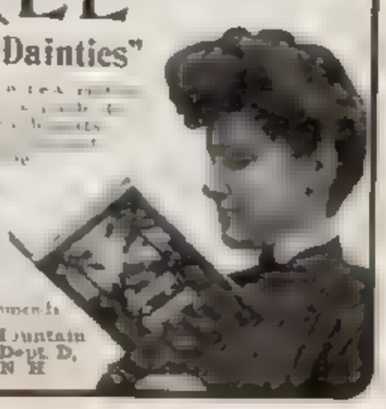

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

JOHN BURROUGHS' FIRST JOB — How he secured it, with no recommendation but the Muses'.

¶ Early in the sixties, when Hugh McCulloch had just been appointed Comptroller of the Currency to organize the new department under the provisions of the National Bank act, there walked into his office, unannounced, one day, a stranger dressed in "store clothes" and wearing long hair.

"My name is Burroughs—John Burroughs," said the visitor. "I should like to have a position in your department."

"What do you know about banking?" asked the Comptroller, thinking that perhaps in the unique stranger might be discovered some genius of an actuary or accountant

"Unhappily, nothing," replied the applicant

"Who sent you here?"

"Nobody"

"Well, who's your Congressman; to whom can you refer me?"

"I know no Congressman."

"And you expected to get a Government position without qualification for the position and without indorsement or backing of any character?"

"I think I could learn office work here, and the salary would be a great help to me in my literary career."

"Oh, you're a writer, are you? What's your line? Poetry, perhaps?"

"I try to write poetry," confessed the visitor

"Got any of it with you?" asked the Comptroller, now considerably amused. "If so let's see it."

The poet-naturalist produced a song redolent of early spring. It treated of the chewink, the oven bird and the Carolina wren, with a dainty reference to forest violets and hepatica

"This is great," commented the Comptroller; "it's right out of the woods."

"Which is more than can be said of the author," observed Mr. Burroughs, thinking of the world of finance which he was seeking to invade.

The Comptroller laughed. "And is this all you have in the way of credentials?"

"I have some more poems at home," was the bland and sincere reply

In much merriment the Comptroller summoned an assistant. "Here's the most astonishing instance of ingenuousness I have ever encountered in public life," said he. "That man over there applies for a Government position and the only backers that he can name are the Muses. Yet this department is not political, and somehow I'm inclined to put the fellow to work. I am captivated by the man's honest simplicity"

So John Burroughs was set to work as a Treasury clerk. No appointment ever before had been secured on such a basis and no one since has had the temerity, in asking for a Government job, to cite song birds and wild flowers as his only references.

Some of Mr. Burroughs' old colleagues are still in the Treasury service. In telling this story of his appointment, they dwell with emphasis upon the excellent work he did in the department, earning rapid promotions, and finally securing the responsible position of receiver for a failed national bank in New York, the affairs of which he settled satisfactorily both to the creditors and the Government

Before starting West with the President recently, the naturalist called to see his old-time fellow-clerks who cherish memories of association with him.

"The circumstances of Mr. Burroughs' appointment," said one of his former colleagues, "furnish, I think, the most remarkable incident in the clerical annals of the United States. His personality won for him a position which, ordinarily, is obtained only by the persistent demands of influential backers."

A NOBLE FORTUNE-HUNTER — Mr Phillips writes a satiric epic of this new Quest of the Golden Fleece.

¶ Good satire—and indeed much indifferent satire—always finds a ready audience. With irony the popular taste has another way. Irony is too doubtful, too difficult to puzzle out; and, if one did puzzle it out, after all, might not the letters horrify one by forming

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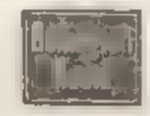

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"I had used coffee to excess and was gradually becoming a complete wreck, getting weaker and more nervous every day. I paid the penalty for using coffee and when I tasted the delicious Postum I was glad indeed to make the change.

"So I gave up the coffee altogether and have used Postum instead ever since. My family at first called me a crank but seeing how Postum benefited me the first month they all got in line and as a result of Postum's remarkable benefits to me we all drink it now entirely in place of coffee and we are well." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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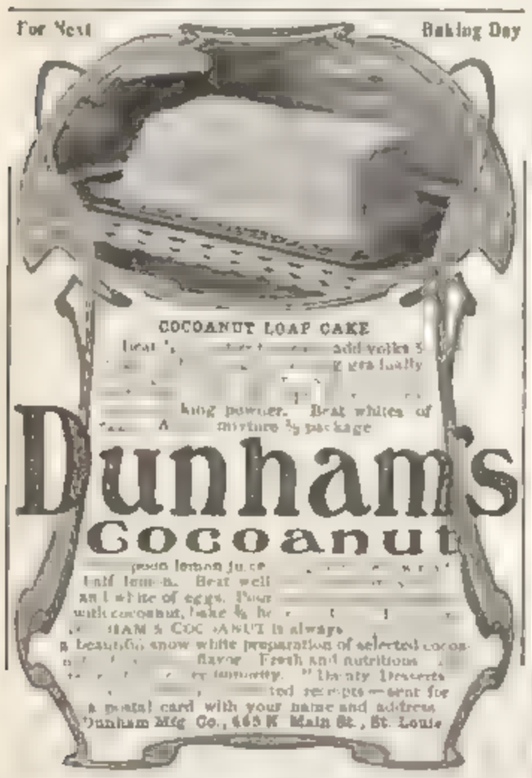

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into one's own name! Not so satire—satire is always the other fellow. It is safe to satirize the surgeon, the clubman, the janitor or the cook—any well-defined class—because every member of that class is always open-minded and perfectly willing to admit that the trade, of course, has its tricks and that clever dog What's-his-Name has hit 'em off uncommon well. Old Graveairs, round the corner there, for instance, he's got to the very life. How the old hypocrite must squirm! Himself? It never so much as enters his mind

So that by one and the same turn of the key the door is opened and the company spirited away. Everybody welcomes the reformer, everybody listens to him gladly—and nobody applies the lesson. The admission of an intellectual truth and the acceptance by the heart of a principle of conduct are two very different things. Men continue to think with their heads and act by their hearts to-day very much as they did yesterday—and will to-morrow

However, one might pervert such reasoning to the abandonment of all thought Whereas, although thought and reason exercise very much less influence on conduct than one could desire, nevertheless they do beyond doubt exercise some influence, indirect though it may be, and in that proportion are valuable.

We of all people, who are the most self-conscious, the most sensitive to criticism, should be the most readily affected by the penal morality of satire Our latest critic native-born), Mr. David Graham Phillips, is particularly fortunate in his choice of a title A noble English fortune-hunter is his hero, and what could be a happier description of his quest than Golden Fleece—however one looks at it? And Frothingham isn't half a bad fellow. An air of distinction he has, a way of compelling reluctant admiration—one fancies at times that even his creator shared in the compulsion—despite his cynicism, his debts and his well-bred ineffectiveness. He has shrewdness, too, and a touch of caustic wit that well becomes him in his inspection of American manners and morals What he has to say is said after a good long look. He is, and should be, the foremost figure of interest in the book, though, selfishly speaking, he concerns the reader as he holds the mirror up to truth, not as he does it gracefully. New York, Boston, Washington and Chicago—the great cities, the centres of wealth—are naturally his hunting-ground His ambiguous success is better told in the pages of the book than it can be here

For yourself you may never have to consider seriously an "international" marriage, but whether you do or not you will find it very worth while reading about the preliminaries.

TWO ASTONISHED AUTHORS—Their publisher paid them twice what they expected.

¶ Apropos of the tendency to condensations of biographies, memoirs and histories, which doubtless may be construed as a sign of the times, a pleasant story is told. But first, in passing, it may be said that some of the examples chosen for this summary treatment have been singularly unfortunate. Parkman, the romantic and picturesque, has been taken in hand by Doctor Pelham and his twelve volumes condensed into one. If Parkman were of the mousing order of historians and a tabulator of detailed facts and statistics the task would bear a different aspect. But the vividness and zest of Parkman's narrative would seem to cry aloud against compression. Another example of "condensation," presented by the abridged edition of Nicolay and Hay's Life of Lincoln, explained itself more readily. The array of ponderous volumes in which this biography and history of Lincoln's times was first presented marked it as better adapted to consulting libraries than to the imperfect leisure of the average man of affairs Even the portions published in The Century Magazine seemed almost painfully reluctant to come to a full stop. No one questioned the value of the work, but for most of us the value of time has a meaning which is not to be disregarded. There is a story that the authors of the Lincoln were wholly in the dark as to terms for serialization. They had an interview with the late Roswell Smith. He asked their terms and they expressed their uncertainty. Taking up an envelope he wrote five figures on the back and handed it to them, saying, "Is that satisfactory?" Inasmuch as the generous total was twice the amount which they had had vaguely in mind there was no difficulty in closing the arrangement, after their demur at the publisher's generosity was met by his assurance that he believed his offer justified

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The Reading Table

A Royal Accomplice

A LITTLE episode that did not get into the press, *et pour cause*, occurred during a recent visit of the King to Blenheim

A crook who was well acquainted with the castle made up his mind to steal a valuable clock that he knew was in the King's bedroom

He slipped in unperceived, at an hour when he knew the sovereign to be away, and coolly proceeded to take down the clock, which sat on a high mantel. He had scarcely mounted a chair that would enable him to reach it, however, when suddenly the door opened and who should appear but Edward himself

For a second the thief gave himself up for lost, but soon his audacious nature took the upper hand and he turned to the King

"A thousand pardons for my audacity, Your Majesty," he said with apparent dismay, "but this clock is very heavy; would Your Majesty deign to hold the chair lest I slip in [illegible] it down?"

The King, persuaded that this must be a member of the household taking the clock for repairs, good-naturedly held the chair, and with profuse thanks and humble apologies the man disappeared

Some hours later the King was notified that a clock was missing from his apartment and, as no trace of it could be found, it must have been stolen.

"Never mind," said he, smiling; "I was an accomplice to the theft; in fact, I held the chair for the thief, so better say nothing about it." And they didn't

An Elastic Ambition

EVER since Lyman J. Gage, when Secretary of the Treasury, announced in a speech that a number of requests had been made him to recommend young men to fill positions paying $25,000 annually, the Treasury Department has been besieged by applicants. The changes in personnel in that Department that are taking place under Secretary Shaw have stimulated many young men to apply for all grades of service, from the Collectorship of Ports to plain Treasury messenger. The fact that two assistant secretaries have risen from the position of messenger has made that office desired by many who believe they might do likewise

All these instances of ambition are, of course, quite creditable, but there is an amusing side to some of the cases. Some of the young men, whose spelling and grammar betray a woeful lack of preparation, are not at all diffident in their eagerness to assume positions requiring great capacity and experience.

Some time ago a candidate who was manifestly unfitted for the portfolio sought to secure through the influence of the Secretary of the Treasury the post of United States Ambassador to one of the leading European Powers. Denied that, the applicant was "willing to accept a consulship or a special Treasury commissionship abroad, but finally compromised on a modest clerkship in Washington. It is interesting, as a study in perseverance, to note that he actually got the latter position

This attitude of seeking an exalted office, but with a willingness to accept anything that may be offered, is frequently met with among applicants

"It reminds me," said the Secretary of the Treasury, "of a man I saw many years ago on the outskirts of a circus. He was selling suspenders. They were very short, doubtless designed for boys

"'Here you are for suspenders. The latest and the best. Suspenders for boys,' he would say, exhibiting them at the normal size, and then, stretching them to the full capacity of the elastic, he would add, 'and just the thing for men

Ammunition Wasted

SENATOR COCKRELL, of Missouri, is of the old school of politicians, especially as regards the idea of making a personal canvass of his State when the exigencies of the situation appear to demand it.

During his tour of the State the venerable Senator one day found himself in a community which seemed fairly alive with

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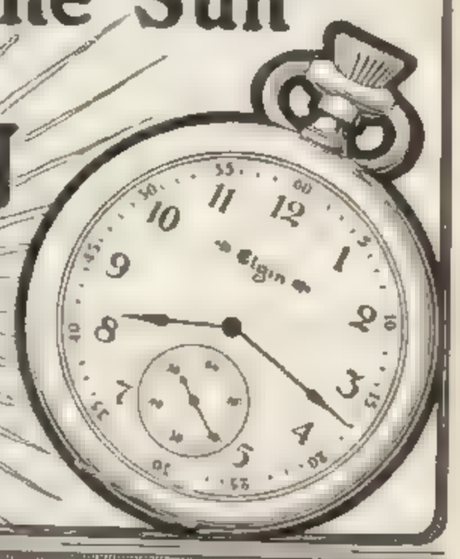

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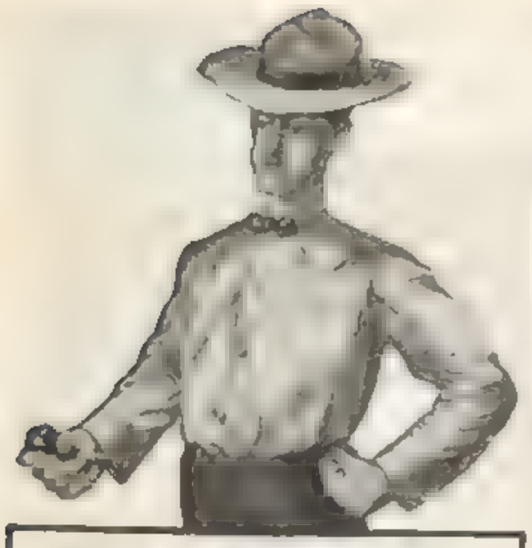

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children. Such an assemblage of little folk he had seldom seen before. Coming to one doorway about which were clustered some dozen or more of children, the Senator stopped for a moment to chat with the comely woman leaning upon the gate. She was presumed by Mr. Cockrell to be the mother of all the tots gathered about her. So, politely doffing his hat, the Senator inquired

"Madam, I may kiss these beautiful children, may I not?"

"Certainly," replied the lady.

When he had finished his wholesale contract the Senator turned to the attractive woman at the gate and said:

"Seldom have I seen lovelier children. Yours, madam?"

The woman blushed deeply.

"Ah, of course they are," gallantly suggested Mr. Cockrell. "The little treasures from whom else could they have inherited those limpid eyes, those rosy cheeks, those profuse curls, those comely figures and those musical voices?"

But still the lady blushed.

"By the way, madam," concluded the Senator, "may I impose upon your good nature to the extent of asking that you tell your estimable husband that Senator Cockrell called upon him this afternoon?"

"Excuse me, sir," said the woman, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—surely you are not a widow?"

"I fear there's some mistake, sir. This is an orphan asylum."

Greatness Thrust Upon Him

AN INTERESTING story is told in regard to Dr Samuel McCune Lindsay, Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico, who has just introduced in the Executive Council of that island a bill establishing a Porto Rican University.

It seems that notwithstanding his pronounced success there Doctor Lindsay accepted his appointment to Porto Rico under protest and regarded the post as a place of exile. During his connection with the University of Pennsylvania Professor Lindsay was favorably known personally and as a publicist by both President McKinley and President Roosevelt. The Professor had not covered himself in creating sentiment in favor of a Department of Commerce, and had made it known to President Roosevelt that he should like to become Assistant Secretary of that Department. It was with great elation, therefore, that he hastened from Philadelphia to the White House one day in response to an invitation by telegraph.

"Glad to meet you again, Doctor Lindsay," said the President warmly. "I've decided to give you the appointment."

The Professor began to return thanks.

"Not at all, not at all," said the President. "I realize it will be somewhat of a sacrifice for you."

The Professor, who looked upon the Assistant Secretaryship which he had in mind as an advancement, was amazed at the President's point of view.

"It will be new work and hard work, but you're just the man to make a big success of it. When can you start?"

"Whenever you're ready for me to go ahead with the work," responded Doctor Lindsay, unaware that he was pledging himself to go to the West Indies.

"Good," said the President; "we'll consider that settled."

Before he reached the street Doctor Lindsay discovered that he had been appointed Commissioner of Education for Porto Rico. He tried to see the President again to enter emphatic protest. He felt as if he were being summarily deported. But Mr. Roosevelt was extremely busy, and the long wait gave the Professor a chance to cool down and consult his friends. Though they agreed with him that to go to Porto Rico seemed to be to abandon all his plans for success, they pointed out that he had accepted the appointment and even thanked the President for it, and that it would never do to refuse the position.

Thus, rebelling against his fate, the Professor sailed for the island. Once there he set to work with great enthusiasm, and the project for the University of Porto Rico is one of the results of his endeavors.

The Marrow of Conviction

ALTON B. PARKER, Chief Justice of the New York Court of Appeals, who has been prominently mentioned for the next Democratic Presidential nomination, addressed a large assemblage of law students at

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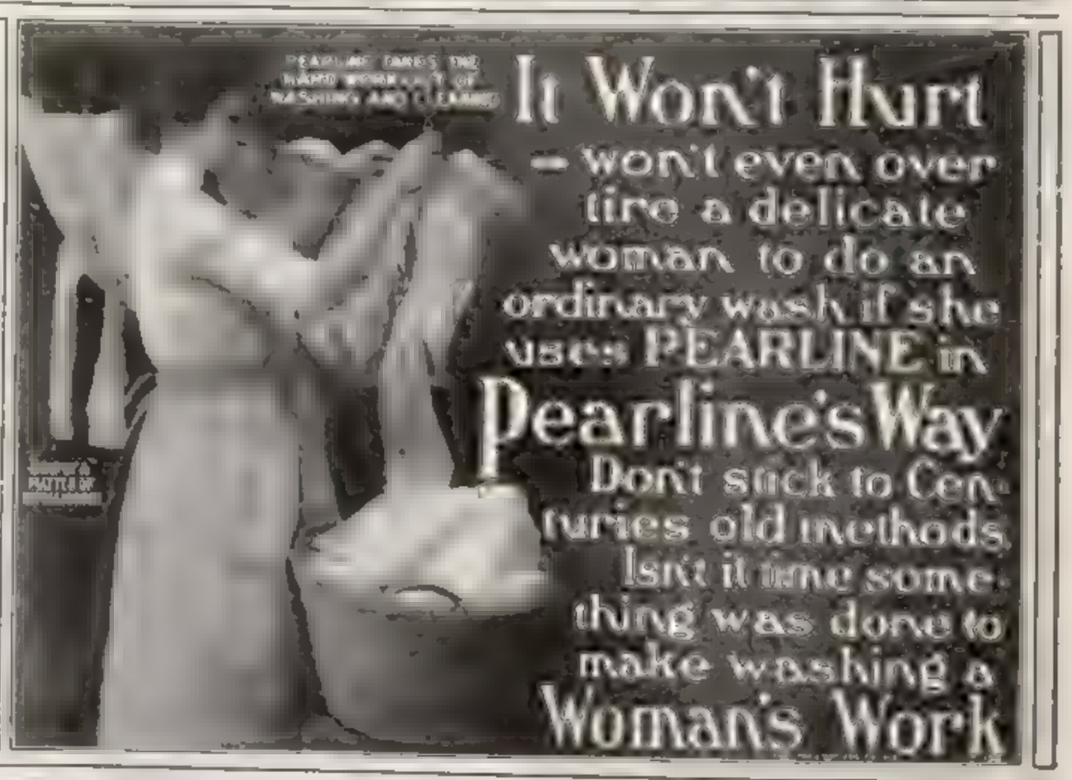
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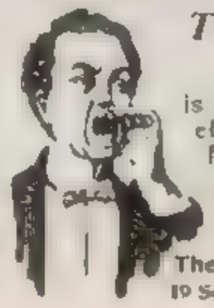

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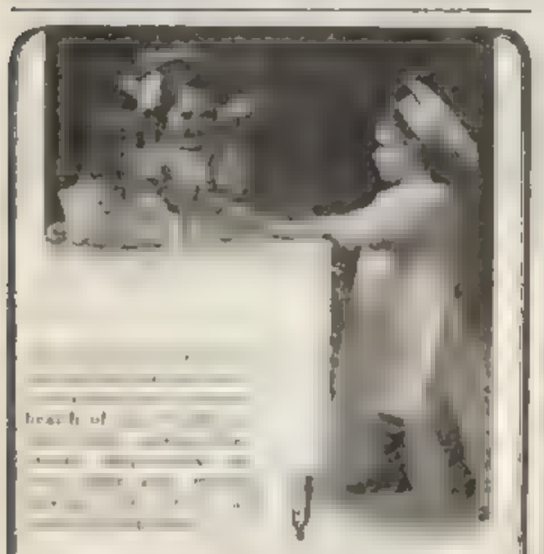

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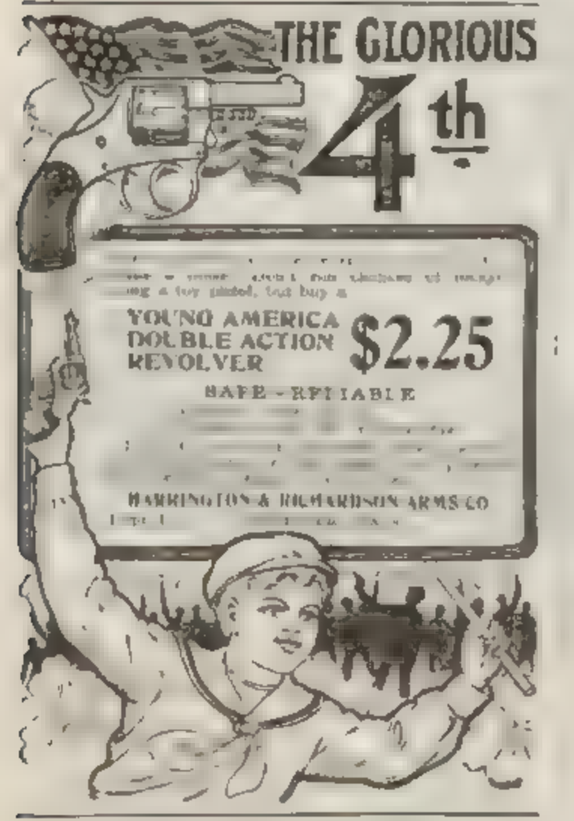

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Columbia University during the past month. After speaking briefly of the genesis of the litigation brought before the various bodies at the head of which he presided, he recalled several of his early experiences as a practicing lawyer. There was one point in his remarks that seemed to make a uniformly strong impression on all that large audience of men, for continued applause followed the narration of the incident.

When Judge Parker—then Mr. Parker—argued his first case before the Court of Appeals, he was prepared to talk for an hour in elaborate fashion. He believed that a shorter argument would be of little effect with the court. When, however, he appeared before the seven dispensers of justice he was seized with stage fright and for a minute or two could say nothing. The judges were entering the case in their books, and Chief Justice Church, glancing up, noticed the embarrassment of the young lawyer. He laid down his pen, looked kindly at the unnerved youth and bade him proceed with his case. Then Mr. Parker seemed lifted out of himself and, instead of the long argument he had planned, he blurted out, "Your Honor, this is the point"—and for twenty minutes the point and the point alone was argued. The next day the decision was announced and Mr. Parker had won the case.

Therein lay his success—in the ability to get at the point and impress the point upon those who were there to judge. He quickly realized the futility of a verbose harangue and the importance of pithy brevity came over him like a flash.

We waste much time and many words in adorned argument and verbal pyrotechnics. We often use a paragraph where a sentence will adequately and forcefully convey the thought and impress it upon the hearer. A little experience will prove to one that as brevity is the soul of wit, so is it the very marrow of conviction.

Geographical Limericks

By R. H. B.

I. Discretion

A Maiden who lived in N Y
Was asked by her Beau out T. W
"I think," she replied,
We'd best stay inside,
For you know how the Neighbors D T."

II. Vexatious Texas

A Bride on a visit to Tex.
Wrote home, "There's one thing to perplex us.
We're accustomed now quite
To the Scorpion's bite,
But Tarantulas certainly Vex.!"

III. The Cheerful Friend

A Chap who resided in Fla.
Said "For heat there is no place that's Ha."
But a Friend promptly said,
"Perhaps when you're dead
Your state will be many times Ta.!"

IV. A Frigid Lover

A Maiden who lived up in Mich.
Said, "Of ice cream I'd like half a Dich"
But her Beau coldly said,
While negating his head,
"I fear you will just have to Wich!"

V. Painfully Economical

A Dentist who practiced in Me.
In his tooth had a terrible Pe.
"Pull it out," Someone cried;
"Who's to pay me?" he sighed,
"I don't work when there's nothing to Ge.!"

VI. An Optimist

A Lady who lived down in Md.
Said, "I'll grant that it isn't a Fd.
But nevertheless
You'll have to confess
That it's very much better than Nd!"

VII. A Matter of Accent

A Tourist who reached Texas
For brandy at once made a plea
Quoth the bartender, "Prey, sir,
Use language *au fait*, sir.
In Memphis it's called Heaven"

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LIE IN IT—SIT IN IT
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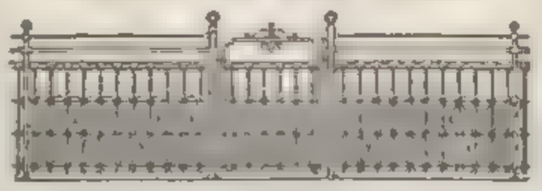

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Personally Conducted

continued from Page 8

"I think you may safely leave that to me Elizabeth

Really he was too much when he was smoking [illegible] gathered up her work things and was [illegible] to the cottage

He finished his pipe rose, and then [illegible] to move slowly clubward.

In the first twenty steps he met M[illegible] Now this was opportune. He [illegible] a few preliminary words with [illegible]

He turned. "Hem — Portia!"

"Yes, father."

"I think you've been acting — ah — a trifle [illegible] a trifle injudiciously of [illegible] Perry — Mr Johnston [illegible]

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, father but that is something [illegible] be of no use [illegible] us to talk about. If you could possibly understand ——"

Well? Well? I wish you to know that I am now going down to the club — and I intend asking him to come back to the [illegible] with me'

I'm afraid that he would hardly feel himself *welcome* — after ——

'Well?"

' I think — I think you should have [illegible] gized to him. It's his right! And he [illegible] must know that, too!"

Really, my girl, *really!* I think you give yourself a great deal [illegible] of license, indeed [illegible] during this present week —

Well, if — if I have [illegible] groping hysterically at her [illegible] handkerchief. "Who was it *for* [illegible] to do it — to — to make up to [illegible]

"Portia [illegible]

"Well, you *did!* After pretending pretending you liked him so much almost from the first day he met me — you've been just as unkind — and cruel — like a death's head to all of us — refusing to see him half the time and — and —

"Daughter!"

"I will speak out now, I *will!* I — I'd have gone to you if — if you'd shown any feeling for me! But now I'll just have to act — act toward Mr Johnston as seems best to — to myself'

"Very well!" roared the Judge — "very well! But I feel compelled to tell you, my girl — that everybody — and I merely take the phrase from your mother's lips — will say that you are simply throwing yourself at him!"

It was enough — a thousand times more than enough! "Mother — said — Her sobs rose up in one choking gulp. [illegible] it' I *knew* it! You're *all* [illegible]

Now — now — now! She [illegible]

"Oh, don't talk to me" she wailed and pushed her way toward the cottage

The Judge charged on through the cedars in a blind fury. It will be remembered that he intended going over to [illegible] club. Now, automatically, he continued on his way. He had got no farther than his own boathouse when he came glaring upon the young man face to face

Now Mr. Percy be it also remembered, had come to the Judge desiring to have things thing at him And he stopped squarely in his path. "Look h[illegible] I'd like to know if you have anything you want to say to me?"

Say to you? Anything I want to say to you?" So he *did* expect an apology! Nay, the young sprig was *demanding* it — was coolly *holding him up* for it! ' Say to you? Say to you? I've just this to say to you, that I'll stand no more from you! That I consider your behavior is — is — you'll come to [illegible] — or — I tell you that you've been acting in a way that's scandalous sir, scandalous — nothing short of scoundrelly!"

They were standing in front of the boathouse which, at the foot of the bank, exactly faced the left wing of The Cedars; and it was a sounding-board which sent the Judge's words directly into Miss Portia's fair upper chamber.

At the last of them she rose straight up from the pink silk counterpane, now alas! more grief-marked than ever. "*Oh! Oh! Oh!* I'll walk right out of the house! How *could* he? I'll not stay here a day longer! And when Mr. Johnston had just spoken so *nobly* — so *forgivingly* about him,

It was the ominous loudness of the Judge's language — and the imp of the untimely —

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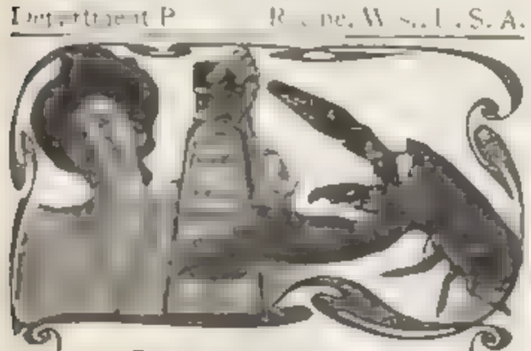

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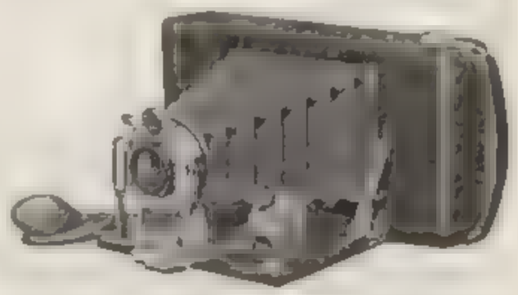

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which led Mrs. Morris to choose this particular moment to seek her tortured offspring for an understanding.

Not that the girl was now showing any violence of emotion. As she stood before her mirror swiftly putting up her hair, her attitude was the frozen calm of final tragedy.

"Don't speak to me, mother," she said, waving a hand wearily.

"Portia, I want you to feel in this matter that I am your dearest friend."

"Oh, it's too late to say that, *now!* Yesterday I could have believed it—or even half an hour ago."

"*Portia!* What do you mean?" Mrs. Morris wished that the girl had been ten years younger so that she might have grasped and shaken her. "But I shall have no more talk with you! Either you will give me your word to see Mr. Johnston hereafter only about the cottage, or we pack up for the city Monday! I've been patient and taken your part for altogether too long!"

"Yes!"—with a laugh from a hundred fifth acts—"after telling father that I was simply throwing myself at him!"

Mrs. Morris let herself down on the pink silk comforter. "Do you tell me—that—the—Judge—said—*that?*"

"Yes, and I know it's true, too, by the way he—he let it out!

"All right, Portia, I'll say nothing more just now—to *you!*" But as she left the room, with skirts swirling after her, it was not hard to guess whom she would have something more to say to. Five minutes later Portia was breathlessly crossing the "plaza" through the dusk.

Her hurrying figure was recognized by a sorely wounded young man at a window of the clubhouse reading-room. He hastened to join her. She poured the balm of her tearful loveliness upon him, and half unconsciously they took the way to Lovers' Walk.

"Mr. Johnston," she cried, when once they were within its moonlit shadows, "I heard all that father said, and I just want to say that the more he hates you and is cruel, and—so unjust to you—the more it makes me respect and feel for you—and—and"—she swallowed a sob—"and both he and mother said all they could to *me*, too, to-night. But I don't care if you—if you [illegible]"

He rose to it with husky rapture. "Oh, Miss Morris—*Portia!* You know how I feel—how much I—how much I care for you [illegible]" He foundered, but labored on again: "You're the only person in the world——"

"I—I know," she said, and with more assuaging sobs, dropped to his shoulder. . . .

"I think," she murmured, after a time, "I think as long as you have one *true* friend, even if one's father—and mother—are against you, it doesn't seem to matter!"

"Yes, it only seems to—to draw people more together." And most decidedly, something had!

That part of the proceedings having been very satisfyingly settled, Miss Portia straightened herself up, dried her eyes and donned the mantle of the businesslike in a way that considerably astonished the bliss-engulfed young man.

"Now, we mustn't lose any time," she said intensely; "we'd better take a boat and go out on the lake, so we can decide what to do!"

He fetched around his skiff. They pushed off, both very silent and deep in thought.

"I'm afraid," he anxiously suggested, after a time, "that it is going to be awfully hard pulling to get the Judge's consent."

"Oh—*that!*" She put it altogether aside. "*That's* something we'll never get until—until——" She began to weep again, but it was less with regret than wrath. "They're going to take me away Monday, and they'll keep you from ever seeing me again—if they can. . . . Don't you—don't you see that we'll just have to go ahead—*before they do?*"

Mr. Johnston was staggered. "But, my *aunt!* you know——"

She looked at him. "Why, if you don't want me enough——"

"Oh, I *do!*" he cried. "Only I thought, maybe—it's pretty sudden, you know, so to speak. You think we'd better *run away—elope?*"

"Why, what else *can* we do? And there's the Tourist Express going through at ten-thirty. We could paddle across the lake and take it at the junction. It's too late to-night, but we've got to-morrow, Sunday, yet!"

Percy put down the oars and rubbed a perspiring forehead. "Well, but don't you think, first, that it'd be only wise for me to make *some* attempt to talk to the Judge again?"

"Attempt to talk to him again?" Why, can't you *see*—can't you *see*, that every day

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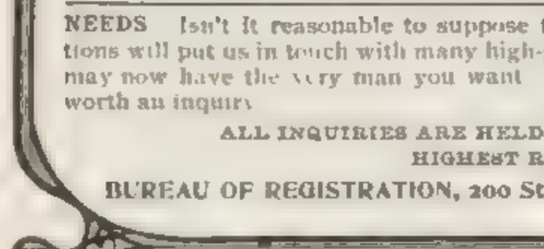

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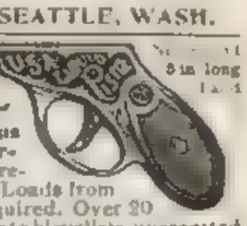

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he's just twice as bad as he was the day before? And now that mother's—that mother's ——" She sobbed again. "Well, they've only themselves to blame! They've just driven us to it!"

The "us" decided him.

V

SUNDAY opened very warm. Miss Portia did not appear for breakfast. But her jaded elders saw Helga carry a tray upstairs without any word of comment. Enough that between them was the understanding that they would be leaving The Cedars on the morrow.

They heard the girl moving about above them, but she did not come down for luncheon, nor even for the five-o'clock supper.

While they were still glooming over the dessert some of the people from the Lake End called in to remind them they had promised to attend the evening service at Luna Cove.

They gazed at each other questioningly. Both wanted only to be left alone. But Portia knew they had promised to go; and now, if she had heard the Lake Enders reminding them, and heard *them* refuse, she might think they were staying to spy upon her. They weakly went.

And indeed, that sign of trust did strike a new pang into the harassed heart of the insurgent damsel. But nevertheless, she went on with the packing of her suitcase. And at half-past eight—the house being now completely deserted—she fastened in her painted china hatpins for the last time. She grasped the suitcase, made her way downstairs and through the side-door riverward. Her eyes were upon a big cluster of alders.

Behind it, Mr. Percy Johnston had been sitting in his Peterboro for the last half-hour, mopping at the back of his neck and struggling with emotions "in bunches"—as he would have expressed it. Possibly predominating in those bunches—though quite anomalously so—was anger against this general desertion of the camp which had made their project so contemptibly easy. He wanted a little more of the Lochinvar in his. He wanted opposition—and regiments of it. And also, from the depths of his imperishable youth there kept coming up a feeling that there would be a hoodoo on the business *somehow*, because they were pulling it off on a Sunday! But once more he put all weakling reconsiderations behind him. If it could not safely be left to Portia—if that girl's instincts were not divine——! . . . In another half minute he had handed her into the bow, and they had started.

About nine o'clock there smote all the woods and waters of the "Steel City Preserve" a storm which came little short of being a cloud-burst. Five minutes later a "tenter" over at Alder Point suddenly rushed out into the lashing rain and across to Commodore Hickson's veranda. "There's something bottom up away out in the middle—and some one clinging to it, too!"

The Commodore was already heading the race for his launch. "Where are the eyes of the *Club* people? Are they all asleep—or struck by lightning?"

However, the Alder Pointers arrived in time. . . .

Some half an hour afterward a final scene was taking place at The Cedars. The original four had parts in it—the two white and staggered elders, who had just got back from evening service, and a brace of young people—the wettest that ever soaked the Japanese matting of a cottage drawing-room.

"And you can't refuse *now*, father!" Miss Portia was crying—she was still somewhat hysterical, as her locks still hung weedily about her temples—"after my losing everything I ever cared for in that suitcase—and—and Mr. Johnston saving my life, too!"

No, of a truth there was no longer any place for the ferocious rôle of "*tyrannwater!*" And a blessing, no less binding if most inarticulate, allowed the tortured lovers to part in joy and seek dry clothes.

Percy, however, was accompanied to the clubhouse by flippancies from the other Steel City youth, which, at such a juncture, he felt were in the worst possible taste.

"Oh, no doubt it's funny," he said. "No doubt it's mighty funny! But for my part I don't think you showed up particularly well in this business. While you were all foursflushing over at church, *we* might very well have been drowned!"

And, sitting on a soap-box in his boathouse, the Judge had taken a solid grip on his jaws and chin and was rapidly emulsifying his gray matter in an attempt to figure out just where *he* was at in the affair now so happily concluded.

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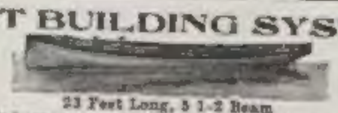

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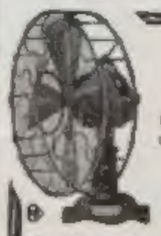

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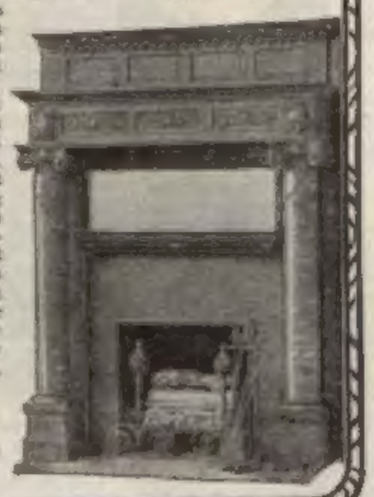

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The Call of the Wild

(Continued from Page 3)

François' whip snapped less frequently, and Perrault even honored Buck by lifting up his feet and carefully examining them.

It was a hard day's run, up the Cañon, through Sheep Camp, past the Scales and the timber-line, across glaciers and snowdrifts hundreds of feet deep, and over the great Chilcoot Divide which stands between the salt water and the fresh and guards forbiddingly the sad and lonely North. They made good time down the chain of lakes which fill the craters of extinct volcanoes, and late that night pulled into the huge camp at the head of Lake Bennett, where thousands of gold-seekers were building boats against the break-up of the ice in the spring. Buck made his hole in the snow and slept the sleep of the exhausted just, but all too early was routed out in the cold darkness and harnessed with his mates to the sled.

That day the trail was packed and they made forty miles; but the next day, and for many days to follow, they broke their own trail, worked harder, and made poorer time. As a rule, Perrault traveled ahead of the team, packing the snow with webbed shoes to make it easier for them. François, guiding the sled at the gee-pole, sometimes exchanged places with him, but not often. Perrault was in a hurry, and he prided himself on his knowledge of ice, a knowledge indispensable, for the fall ice was very thin, and where there was swift water there was no ice at all.

Day after day, for days unending, Buck toiled in the traces. Always they broke camp in the dark, and the first gray of dawn found them hitting the trail with fresh miles reeled off behind them. And always they pitched camp after dark, eating their bit of fish and crawling to sleep into the snow. Buck was ravenous. The pound and a half of sun-dried salmon, which was his ration for each day, seemed to go nowhere. He never had enough, and suffered from perpetual hunger yearnings. Yet the other dogs, because they weighed less and were born to the life, received a pound only of the fish, and managed to keep in good condition.

He swiftly lost the fastidiousness which had characterized his old life. A dainty eater, he found that his mates, finishing first, robbed him of his unfinished ration. There was no defending it. While he was fighting off two or three it was disappearing down the throats of the others. To remedy this he ate as fast as they; and, so greatly did hunger compel him, he was not above taking what did not belong to him. He watched and learned. When he saw Pike, one of the new dogs, a clever malingerer and thief, slyly steal a slice of bacon when Perrault's back was turned, he duplicated the performance the following day, getting away with the whole chunk. A great uproar was raised, but he was unsuspected, while Dub, an awkward blunderer who was always getting caught, was punished for Buck's misdeed.

This first theft marked Buck as fit to survive in the hostile Northland environment. It marked his adaptability, his capacity to adjust himself to changing conditions, the lack of which would have meant swift and terrible death. It marked, further, the decay or going to pieces of his moral nature, a vain thing and a handicap in the ruthless struggle for existence. It was all well enough in the Southland, under the law of love and fellowship, to respect private property and personal feelings; but in the Northland, under the law of club and fang, whoso took such things into account was a fool, and in so far as he observed them he would fail to prosper.

Not that Buck reasoned it out. He was fit, that was all, and unconsciously he accommodated himself to the new mode of life. All his days, no matter what the odds, he had never run from a fight. But the club of the man in the red sweater had beaten into him a more fundamental and primitive code. Civilized, he could have died for a moral consideration, say the defense of Judge Miller's riding-whip; but the completeness of his decivilization was now evidenced by his ability to flee from the defense of a moral consideration and so save his hide. He did not steal for joy of it, but because of the clamor of his stomach. He did not rob openly, but stole secretly and cunningly, out of respect for club and fang. In short, the things he did were done because it was easier to do them than not to do them.

His development (or retrogression) was rapid. His muscles became hard as iron,

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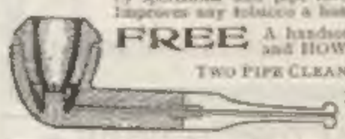

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and he grew callous to all ordinary pain. He achieved an internal as well as external economy. He could eat anything, no matter how loathsome or indigestible; and, once eaten, the juices of his stomach extracted the last least particle of nutriment, and his blood carried it to the farthest reaches of his body, building it into the toughest and stoutest of tissues. Sight and scent became remarkably keen, while his hearing developed such acuteness that in his sleep he heard the faintest sound and knew whether it heralded peace or peril. He learned to bite the ice out with his teeth when it collected between his toes; and when he was thirsty and there was a thick scum of ice over the water-hole, he would break it by rearing and striking it with stiff forelegs. His most conspicuous trait was an ability to scent the wind and forecast it a night in advance. No matter how breathless the air when he dug his nest by tree or bank, the wind that later blew inevitably found him to leeward, sheltered and snug.

And not only did he learn by experience, but instincts long dead became alive again. The domesticated generations fell from him. In vague ways he remembered back to the youth of the breed, to the time the wild-dogs ranged in packs through the primeval forest and killed their meat as they ran it down. It was no task for him to learn to fight with cut and slash and the quick wolf-snap. In this manner had fought forgotten ancestors. They quickened the old life within him, and the old tricks which they had stamped into the heredity of the breed were his tricks. They came to him without effort or discovery, as though they had been his always. And when, on the still, cold nights, he pointed his nose at a star and howled long and wolflike, it was his ancestors, dead and dust, pointing nose at star and howling down through the centuries and through him. And his cadences were their cadences, the cadences which voiced their woe and what to them was the meaning of the stillness, and the cold, and dark.

Thus, as token of what a puppet thing life is, the ancient song surged through him and he came into his own again, and he came because men had found a yellow metal in the North, and because Manuel was a gardener's helper whose wages did not lap over the needs of his wife and the divers small copies of himself which he had managed to accumulate.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The "Drummer" vs. the "Bagman"

By James L. Ford

IN NO respect is the contrast between English leisure and conservatism and the restless energy of our own country more sharply emphasized than in the methods and customs of the commercial travelers of both countries. This difference is indicated to a certain extent by the colloquial term employed in each country to characterize the calling of the traveling salesman. In England he is a bagman and in America a drummer. The one goes about with a bag full of samples of goods which he offers to the regular customers of his house, while the drummer is essentially a man who talks up the merits of his goods to new customers. To a certain extent, therefore, the bagman is a passive agent of trade and the drummer an active one.

In both countries the commercial travelers flock together in great hordes, but in England, where the rivalry is less keen than here and the segregation of classes a national trait, there is a social cohesion that is unknown here.

There is, of course, a certain cohesion among American drummers, too, and it manifests itself not only in the genial groups that fill the smoking-cars and hotel lobbies with their laughter, but also in the benevolent and protective associations in which the greater part of them are enrolled. They meet one another on the trains, frequent the same hotels and sell to the same customers, but they work at such high pressure and are so intent on "making" as many towns as possible each week that they do not allow themselves the hours of leisure that every Englishman, no matter whether he be a landed proprietor or a bagman, always devotes to his meals. And it is in their respective methods of dining that the real difference between the bagman and the drummer shows itself.

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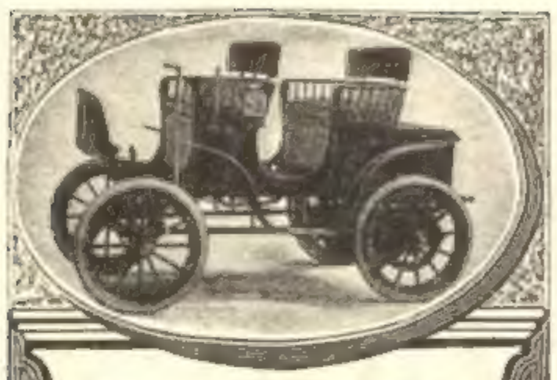

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hotel in any provincial city in America that does not boast a dining-room large enough to seat twice as many people as the hostelry can accommodate. The colored head waiter who escorts him with stately tread from the door to his table is always provided with a pair of long legs, for he walks fully forty miles a day. This major domo has a memory for faces that enables him to recall at once where the drummer sat at the last meal and place him on the opposite side of the room. It is contrary to the rules of the hotel for a transient guest to occupy the same seat twice in succession, and the head waiter is always anxious to keep his job. At table the drummer may find himself in company with other drummers or in juxtaposition to a small family party, with a circus advance agent, an Indian doctor, and a soubrette thrown in by the head waiter for good measure. A bill-of-fare arranged in eight courses is placed before him, and after a hasty inspection he says to the waiter: "Gimme some of that consommé, and mind you have it hot. Then I'll have some shad if there's any roe with it, and if not, some salmon. You can fetch along some sweetbread, too, and be quick with it all, for I've got to catch the two o'clock train."

After finishing the sweetbread he orders roast chicken and what the waiter calls an "assortment of vegetables," meaning half a dozen dabs of squash, stewed tomatoes, turnips and mashed potatoes, in separate saucers. These are followed by snow pudding, lemon pie, a banana, a piece of cheese and a small cup of coffee, and within twenty minutes from the moment of sitting down the entire meal is finished.

Very different, indeed, is the meal of the English bagman, which is consumed in the "commercial" room of the inn, a place set apart exclusively for himself and his kind and into which no person not actually engaged in the business of selling goods by sample would presume to intrude. As the hour for the meal draws near the bagmen assemble to exchange greetings with one another and enjoy a few social moments before sitting down at the table. There is no hurry, no looking at watches, no fear of losing a customer and, above all, no anxiety to be off, for though time and tide may wait for no man, the entire commerce of England must wait on the digestion of her bagmen.

"Of course you'll take the chair to-day, Mr. Hotspur," says young Mr. Grigsby, who is making his first trip in paints and oils, to the white-haired and ruddy-cheeked veteran who has been selling woolen cloths for the past forty years and is known and respected in every commercial room in the three kingdoms.

"My dear boy," says the old traveler, who is none the less flattered by the suggestion, "I couldn't think of it for a moment while Brother Billings is in the room."

"But you must!" exclaims Brother Billings, who sells woolens for a rival house and is punctilious in his courtesy to the oldest traveler in his line. "I assure you that none other but yourself can be even considered to-day."

"As you will, then, Mr. Billings, but I insist upon it that you shall be my vice."

"If you say so," rejoins the younger man.

And a moment later, when dinner is announced, they seat themselves at either end of the long table, Mr. Hotspur at the head and Mr. Billings at the foot. The dinner, which is the regular "ordinary" of the inn, is consumed slowly and to the accompaniment of general conversation, for Englishmen are talkative when herded together with others of precisely their own kind. Unlike the drummer who drinks only water, or occasionally tea or coffee, with his dinner, no matter how much he may consume at the bar, the bagman moistens his repast with either malt or alcohol, succeeded by a glass of port which is poured out for him when the dessert is placed on the table.

It is at this moment that the chairman—at whose glance the waiters silently retire—rises to his feet and proposes the health of the British sovereign, which is drunk with all due ceremony and solemnity, and is followed by other toasts and, on occasion, by a speech or two. On Sundays the dinner is more elaborate, the wine—which is openly charged in the salesman's expense account as his right—of a better quality and the ceremonies a trifle more ornate than usual; and when we consider the fact that all this is gone through with every day in the year in almost every inn of any importance in Great Britain, we gain some idea of the difference between the drummer and the bagman and of the respect that every Englishman pays to his digestion and his sovereign.

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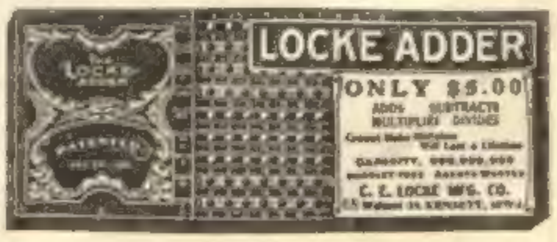

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